BRACING AS A SEA DIP

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 145. [Published Every Monday.] WEEK ENDING AUG. 12TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

One of the "little things" that count:—

"Wood-Milne" Rubber Heels fitted rightly on your boots are splendid savers of both your health and nerves.

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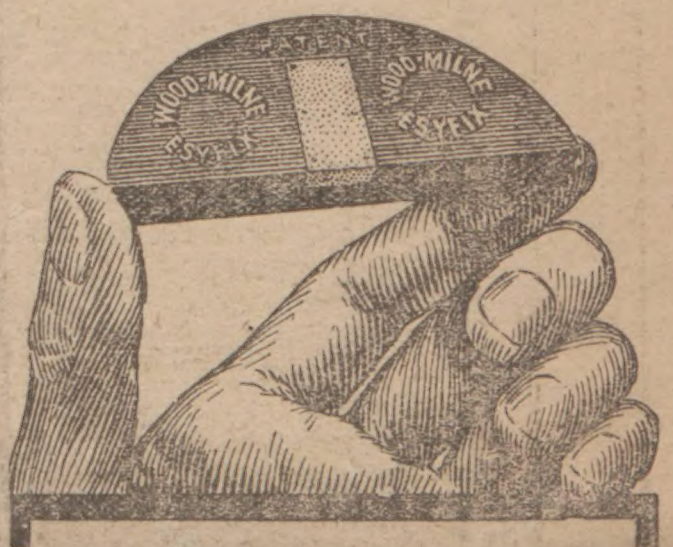

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The "ESYFIX" Tip embodies the same wonderful durability as all other Wood-Milne Rubber Heels and Tips.

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Two sizes for Men, and Two for Ladies

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£100 in CASH PRIZES

IN WHICH YOUNG, MIDDLE-AGED, AND OLD HAVE EQUAL CHANCE.

A pair of Sandow's Spring-Grip Dumb-Bells is to be sent

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The Sandow Grip Dumb-Bells, which will be sent immediately to every reader who applies, may be used freely for seven days, and there is no obligation at all to purchase, nor is there any charge whatever.

THIS AMAZING OFFER

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It is the natural desire of every intelligent boy, youth, young man, and young woman, to improve the physique and enhance their appearance, health, and general well-being. This amazing offer of Sandow's Spring Grip Dumb-Bells and Generous Prize Competition provides a wonderful opportunity and inducement to do all these things.

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£100 IN CASH PRIZES

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To Sandow's Grip Dumb-Bell Co.,
Room 39, Sandow Hall, Date.....
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Gentlemen,—Please send by return for free trial one pair* of your Spring Grip Dumb-Bells (and particulars of the £100 free Competition) at ... ... 12s. 6d. — Suitable for age 18 and up.
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* Please cross out sizes not required.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 145. WEEK ENDING AUG. 12TH, 1911. ONE PENNY.

HORSES AND FIRE.

WAYS OF RESCUING THEM.

Nothing is more terrifying to a horse than outbreak of fire in his stable.
If a stable catches fire, no time should be t in getting the horses out, for the longer ey remain with the flames about them, the der they get.
Some horses can be led out of a burning ble, while others have to be backed out, hile there are on record instances where ses that could neither be backed nor led t have been successfully ridden out.
It is always advisable under such circum- nces to throw a blanket or a jacket over e horse's head.
After horses are rescued from a burning ble, great care should be taken to see that ey do not break away and run back to the ry fate from which they have been saved. a horse under these circumstances is lowed his freedom, he will, in many cases, sh back into the flaming stable again, hich sufficiently illustrates the extremity of panic.

CRICKET INJURIES.

SIMPLE METHODS OF FIRST AID.

There is hardly anything more painful than ng "cut over" by a fast ball. In fact, re than one man has been "laid out" for long as ten minutes by it.
In such a case, if you see that the sufferer too badly hurt to go on playing, carry h gently to the pavilion, moisten his lips brandy, if you've got any, and rub the ured part softly while a doctor is being for.
If you are fielding, *never* try to stop a fast elling ball with your leg. Always get y hand down to it, otherwise you might or get your shin-bone broken. Many or cricketers sustain injuries to the ankle ough trying to play footer with a hard- en cricket-ball.
If you split your hand, catching a fast l, either leave off playing, or, if you elect go on, do so only after having the wound daged, and a glove drawn on over it. herwise, you will get earth and all manner impurities into the cut, which might fester, possibly keep you out of the season.
A bowler, especially a fast man with a h action, will often strain the muscles of back and shoulder. For this there is no- ng to do but apply hot fomentations until inflammation dies away, and then to rest ll the muscles are strong again.

CHEEK.

A contemporary says, "A witty saying of Lady Duff Gordon comes to me from across the Atlantic." Most of the witty sayings in our contemporaries do.

* * *

A suffragette from the other side of the Atlantic declares that kissing on the mouth between husband and wife is wrong. So long as at least one of the parties is unmarried, it presumably doesn't matter.

* * *

Poor Dan Leno's son is going in for aviation. Evidently, though Leno junior is not yet a star, he wants to get as close to them as he can.

* * *

When a punter tells you he had an (n)ice time at the races, it *may* mean that his speculations were really a "frost."

* * *

A play, shortly to be seen in the West-End, is called "In the Clouds." A good title, which is pleasantly suggestive of a long reign.

* * *

A cynic, called Priscilla Craven, observes that "people go to picture-galleries to keep appointments or to get out of the rain." She might have added that a great many go there, between twelve and two, to eat sandwiches in quiet corners.

* * *

No, Cuthbert, the expression "love is blind" does not refer to the intoxicating character of the tender passion.

* * *

Though the London police were recently stoned at Cardiff, they were not "pebbled" by any means.

* * *

Mr. George R. Sims observes pithily in "Mustard and Cress" that "There is nothing new under the sun." Is this a prefatory apology for some of the jokes further on in his contribution?

* * *

"Every woman," says a writer, "loves a mess." Change the "e" of the last word into an "i" and you'll see what every man loves.

* * *

Mr. Seymour Hicks, we learn from a contemporary, is "undoubtedly our best boxing comedian." Send us along a box, Seymour.

* * *

Speaking of this year's most fashionable frocks, Mr. F. Morton Howard says: "They are called tub frocks, I fancy, because they make folks look round." A good many young "bloods" say they make men look over their shoulders, too.

J. S. COX.

CHANGING DIGGINGS.

NOW IS THE TIME TO DO IT.

It is a good plan to make that change in your diggings—which you have so often promised yourself and so often threatened your landlady—at the time you have your regular holiday.

This can easily be done. All you need to know is the date on which your holiday begins. You can then, at the proper period beforehand, tell Mrs. Collins or Jollins or Sollins, or whatever her name is, that you will not want her rooms after that date.

If you do not want to tell her that her terms are too high and her ideals too low, that her cooking is too atrocious and her attendance too seldom rendered, you can truthfully say that you are leaving town.

This course prevents any unpleasantness when you take your departure.

Take care to fix up new rooms before you go away, or you may arrive back from your holiday and be forced to put up at an hotel for a night or two. This is expensive and unsettling.

ENGLISH BOXERS.

THROUGH FRENCH SPECTACLES.

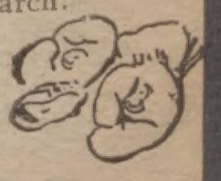
"The best fly- or bantam-weight in England would be looked upon as a novice in France" is the sublime statement made in a French paper, *La Boxe et les Boxeurs*, by Paul Til, a Gallic pugilist, who was recently disqualified for a foul in a contest with Bowker at the National Sporting Club.

This expert critic of English boxing and boxers goes on to deal with his late opponent, Bowker, whom he describes as a scientific but feeble hitter.

After describing Owen Moran as our best light-weight the expert, M. Til, goes on to say that Matt Wells is a better man than Freddie Welsh, who has just beaten Matty Baldwin, of Boston, because Wells is as clever as Welsh and hits harder.

"Really pretty good, plucky, clever, very quick, and a hard hitter" is Til's judgment on Bombardier Wells; and the Frenchman has a kinder word to say for Ian Hague than the latter has had from home critics.

All this is very illuminating. M. Paul Til ought to be hailed as a benefactor of our nation, for having instructed us in a subject of which, of course, we previously knew nothing. Possibly, by the way, a search may have to be made among M. Til's compatriots for a successful challenger to Johnson. But somehow, we must confess to an ignorant conviction that England is the place to search.



THE HUMILIATION OF MARMADUKE PHIPPS

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ROBERT OVERTON.

It wasn't the loss that Marmaduke Phipps minded so much about as the humiliation of knowing that everybody knew how neatly he had been "done"—he, whose one boast it consistently was, or had been, that he couldn't be done. In season and out of season—inside the club and outside of it—he was perpetually boring everybody else with anecdotes illustrative of his amazing 'cuteness. Nobody had ever bested him, and nobody ever would. One night the conversation turned upon the expertness of London pickpockets, of which there had recently been several glaring illustrations. "Bah!" said Marmaduke Phipps, "it isn't the adroitness of the thieves, but the muddle-headed simplicity of their victims."

He produced an old-fashioned silver repeater from his watch pocket, attached to a considerably more valuable gold chain of a massive type.

"You see how the watch is attached to the chain, and the chain to the buttonhole—two separate arrangements. Now, I defy any thief in London—I defy all the thieves in London—to detach the one from the other, to possess himself of either one or the other or both. I go about with my eyes open, I do; not half asleep, like the innocents who get robbed. The fellow who's capable of stealing from me this old heirloom of a watch is welcome to keep it."

The boastful assertion was soon put to the test—and proved unequal to it. Three days afterwards Marmaduke paid an afternoon visit to the club, and had occasion to consult the chronometer in question.

It had gone.

The chain was there, the watch end of it snugly tucked into the watch pocket; but the watch itself had been neatly detached, notwithstanding the supposed—and vaunted—security of the special "separate arrangement" which had fastened it to the former article.

Marmaduke had been robbed in broad daylight. His own excited exclamations gave him away. At the moment they were more than natural—they were irresistible. But a minute afterwards he would have bitten his tongue through rather than have given vent to them; for now there was no concealing what had happened. He left early, and that evening his usual seat was vacant.

The papers of the next morning contained an advertisement offering a reward of five pounds for the "lost" repeater, and an explicit assurance that "no questions" would be asked of anyone returning it. Early on the afternoon of the same day a stranger called at the chambers of Marmaduke Phipps. He declined to give his name, remarking that the gent would not know it, but no obstacles were placed in the way of a speedy interview, for special orders had been given in the event of a call from anybody whose native modesty might appear to constrain him to reticence as to his identity. There was nothing pompous about the quietly-dressed, dapper, clean-shaven, alert little man who was ushered into the presence of the portly, pompous Phipps.

The door was closed; the two were alone.

"Good afternoon."

"Good afternoon," returned Marmaduke.

"You caused an advertisement to be inserted in several of the papers this morning in connection with a silver repeater you had the misfortune to lose yesterday," remarked the stranger airily.

"I did," agreed Marmaduke curtly. "Found it?"

"Yes."

"Brought it with you?"

"Yes."

"Hand it over."

"The reward offered is a small one—a very small one. But to judge from the chain which I perceive you are wearing, and which I presume you have been in the habit of wearing with the lost watch, the watch itself is of disappointing value—very disappointing indeed. I'll take it—the reward, I mean."

The unknown brought the watch from one of his pockets and poised it in his hand.

"You identify it?"

"Yes."

The dapper little man still held the repeater in his hand. He made no motion to hand it over. Marmaduke Phipps rightly construed his manner to mean that he required to see something of his five pounds first. He remembered that he hadn't as much upon him, or in the rooms. He unlocked a drawer, laid his cheque-book on the table, and drew writing materials towards him.

"You'll take a cheque?"

"It's unusual—very unusual," was the dubiously given reply. "What bank?"

"The London and Westminster, Lothbury."

"I suppose I must."

"What name?"

"Make it bearer."

Phipps had written the date, filled in the amount, altered "order" to "bearer," and was just about to sign his name, when his companion rose, looked over his shoulder, and furtively, but carefully, scrutinised the handwriting.

"Oh, yes," he said reassuringly; "it's unusual, as I said just now, but I won't raise any difficulty about taking your cheque, Mr. Phipps."

The latter completed the instrument and handed it over, receiving his watch in exchange, re-attaching it to his chain, and reputting it into its accustomed place, after a careful examination of it. Then he rose, walked to a cabinet at the far end of the room, and placed a decanter, a water bottle, and two tumblers on the table.

"Do you drink?"

"Yes," was the candid response.

Each filled to his own taste and each drank.

"I want you to tell me something," began Mr. Marmaduke.

"No questions were to be asked," the other reminded him quickly.

"I know that; that's all right—we understand each other. But answering the only question I'm curious to put to you won't endanger you in any way. In fact, I only want to ask it from curiosity."

"What is it?"

"How did you do it?"

The thief laughed lightly.

"Is that all? Well, of course, it's letting you into a professional secret, but you've treated me fairly, and I can see you're a knowing one yourself; so I don't mind showing you. You see, it's easier done in the case of a stoutish gent like you, sir, than it is in the case of a thin gent. Just you walk across the room, sir, and I'll stroll up behind you and pass you."

The suggested pantomime was gone through, and the little man stepped in front of the big man. The former held a feather lightly between his fingers. "Now you feel just now a tickling sensation in your right ear. Perhaps you remember a similar little sensation when you lost your watch—or, rather, a few seconds earlier. This is the feather, sir. That's just how it's done. The touch of the feather throws the subject off his guard, and gives the operator the few necessary seconds. Usually there is time to secure the chain as well, but not invariably."

"Have another drink?"

"Well"—hesitatingly—"I have some business to see to this afternoon, you know, before the bank closes; but if you are going to join me. . . ."

The tumblers were again filled, and again emptied. Then the guest hurried away, and the host, who had drunk more than was his habit to drink at that time of the day, fell asleep in his easy chair before the fire. He slept soundly, and he slept a considerable time. On waking he sought to ascertain the hour by reference to his favourite and long-restored watch. It had gone—gone a second time—and this time the gold chain had gone with it. He was dazed for a minute or two, then the truth flashed upon him. The feather pantomime had been played for a practical purpose, and with a practical result. It had been a performance, not a rehearsal. The pickpocket who robbed him of his watch yesterday had restored it to-day only to rob him of it again, and this time he had found "time" made, "time" to purloin the chain too.

"And he's gone off with my cheque, well!" Like a madman Marmaduke Phipps drove to the bank, and with about a couple of minutes in hand before closing time, rushed to the counter and excitedly addressed the first cashier to whom he stood opposite. It happened that he knew him pretty well. "I wish to stop payment of a cheque—five pounds—obtained from me by fraud this afternoon."

"Five pounds, sir?" said the cashier calmly. "I cashed one cheque of yours just now, but that was for fifty pounds."

"Fifty pounds! Show it me."

The cheque was found, and passed over the counter into the trembling hands of Marmaduke Phipps. It was the cheque he had given the pickpocket as his "reward," but the "five" had been transformed into "fifty" with astounding dexterity, especially considering that the manipulator had been pressed for time.

"Anything wrong, Mr. Phipps?"

"Yes. No; all right; good afternoon"—and the defrauded Marmaduke left the bank almost as hurriedly as he had entered it.

He couldn't make the bank responsible for the extra forty-five pounds without an explanation, rather than make which he'd lose the money. And he wouldn't take any steps to trace the thief or recover his property, for if he did the whole story would become known. Anything rather than that. He'd suffered enough humiliation over the original loss of yesterday; he didn't want any more. He'd grin and bear it—or bear it without the grinning. But soon even that his greater humiliation was complete, for the "whole story" did get wind. Such stories always do.

HOOKLESS BAIT.

Worms threaded on to worsted make good bait for eels. The eel's teeth catch in the worsted, and provided you strike sharp enough you can land him before he has time to let go.

When fishing for eels it is advisable to keep on striking from time to time even though there be no suspicion of a bite, as eels are enormously clever at sucking off the bait.

SCOUTS V. TERRITORIALS

A DISCUSSION OF INTEREST TO BOTH FORCES.

What is wrong with the Territorial Force? Why should this movement, which is of the greatest national importance, be proving a failure, while the Boy Scout movement is becoming such an enormous success? Next year many thousands of Territorials will have finished their term of service, and a very large proportion of them will take their discharge. Probably the number of resignations will be so great that the further existence of the Force will hang in the balance. This is not a rash statement. "Wait until 1912" is a phrase which one constantly hears in the best informed Territorial circles. One of the drawbacks which the Territorial Force has had to contend with from the outset has been lack of funds.

It is generally believed that the permanent officials at the War Office never intended this Force to be a success, and that they have done their best to cramp it by withholding from it the necessary money and equipment. There are some Territorial units who are provided with rifles but who, owing to lack of a range, have never fired a single shot. They learn manual drill, they are instructed as to the use of each part of the rifle, and they even go through the farce of frequent rifle inspection, though no bullet has passed through the barrel, at least while the rifle has been in their possession.

WHERE ARE THE "WAITING LISTS"?

How can men possibly be expected to be efficient soldiers when they are not given the opportunity of learning?

Part of the inefficiency of the Force is undoubtedly due to the cheese-paring policy of the War Office, but this does not explain the reason why so many men resign, why so many thousands are going to take their discharge at the earliest opportunity, and why so few others are enlisting.

At the time of the great Territorial boom a couple of years ago, certain regiments were not only full up, but had a long waiting list. It is now possible for an able-bodied man to obtain admission to almost any Territorial regiment he likes.

What has happened to those who filled its ranks at the time of the boom, and what has happened to the men on the waiting list?

Resignation is the answer. . .

WHY MEN RESIGN.

Why do the men resign? A man does not resign because the War Office fails to supply him with a range at which he may use his rifle, nor does he resign because his drill hall is not so commodious as it might be. The inefficiency of the War Office penuriousness may explain the inefficiency of the Force, but it does not explain the resignations.

The men resign because the conditions of work are made so uncomfortable for them. They join with the expectation that they are going to have the best time of their lives. They are full of keenness for their work, but this keenness very quickly wears off when they discover that the conditions are not what they were led to expect.

Drills, in many cases, are held at inconvenient hours. The hardest work of the year generally takes place on Saturday afternoons immediately preceding the period of camp, and these afternoons are, as a rule, the hottest in the whole year. A route march or a ride has been fixed for that afternoon, and, no matter how hot it may be, it is carried out.

It may be urged that this is as it should be, for in actual warfare men would not have the chance of choosing weather conditions. But they would be in fit training before they had to go on active service. Military work in broiling weather does not punish a trained soldier as it does a civilian, because a trained man is hardened to it.

The civilian, on the other hand, accustomed to sedentary work, finds the experience most trying, and possibly damaging to his health. At first the novelty compensates for much, but novelty is not enduring, and the Territorial begins to count how long it will be before he can take his discharge.

MILITARY MARTINETS.

Lack of consideration for the men is to be found throughout the Force. The sergeant-major, who is their chief instructor, is usually a martinet, full of the iron discipline of the Regular Army, and with no idea of adapting it to the requirements of a civilian Force.

The warrant, and other non-commissioned officers, are also, in many cases, quite unsuited to have the control of men. Many of these are fond of exercising their brief authority in making things uncomfortable.

Again, it must be remembered that the Territorial has, on joining, entered into a definite agreement, and if he fails to carry it out, he may be prosecuted in a civilian police court.

Such a case arose some time ago in connection with the non-attendance at camp of a trooper in a Midland Yeomanry regiment. He did not attend because of ill-health. By an oversight he neglected to forward a doctor's certificate, and he was arrested and placed in the ignominious position of being a prisoner in a London police-court.

THROWN OUT OF WORK.

It is satisfactory to know that the charge against him was dismissed by the magistrate, but the reports of that case unquestionably had the worst possible effect upon recruiting.

The same sort of thing is constantly happening, though that was an extreme case. Men are frankly told by their company commanders that they *must* attend camp for a certain number of days, and in order to do so some of the men have to throw up their posts in civilian life and seek another when camp is over.

So far as the officers are concerned, resignations are as rife as they are in the ranks. The inconvenient times of drilling explain some such resignations, while the character of many of the men appointed as adjutants explains others.

Things in this direction are going to be even worse, for in future all vacancies for commanding officers are to be filled up from the Regular Army, and our future colonels will be, like the majority of our present adjutants, men who know nothing of the difficulty of soldiering while earning one's living by civilian work.

So much for the Territorials, and the reason why the Force has proved so unsuccessful. While it is crumbling to decay the Boy Scout movement is gaining ground rapidly. Why?

Chiefly because the conditions applying to the Boy Scouts are much more of a character suitable for civilians.

The enthusiasm of the Boy Scout is never curbed.

I have known a Territorial officer to be insulted by his adjutant before the men of his own company.

Such a thing never happens with the Boy Scouts, because if any of them were so treated he would promptly chuck the whole thing, and the scoutmasters, knowing this, have perforce to remain civil.

CIVILIAN COMMANDERS.

Moreover, there is not in the Boy Scouts that discordant note of professional militarism clashing with the efforts of civilian service.

Some scoutmasters have seen military service, but the majority are civilians pure and simple, just like the boys they instruct.

The secret of the whole thing is, that in the case of the Territorials the conditions of service are such as to be practically impossible for many civilians who would otherwise be only too happy to join, or to continue to serve; on the other hand, the conditions in the Boy Scouts are admirable in every way, with the result that the boys who join that body enjoy the work thoroughly, put their whole heart into it, and daily bring in new recruits.

F. L.

POT PLANTS.

FOR COOL GREENHOUSES AND WINDOW CULTURE.

The selection of plants to be grown in greenhouses or in windows is largely a matter of opinion and taste, but the following list of free-growing and fairly hardy pot plants should prove of service to the man who is setting up a greenhouse for the first time.

Begonias, both of the tuberous and fibrous rooted varieties, give us a wealth of brilliant colours and shades and for an extended period.

Browallia, calanthes, and cactuses are found in many houses. Calceolarias, with their large pocket-shaped blooms, whether spotted or of self colours, are all handsome.

Amongst the campanulas we have isophylla, white and blue, and for hanging-baskets and pots there is none which gives a greater profusion of bloom. The white variety is the best and most free, its foliage often being almost entirely hidden by a multitude of pearly white flowers.

Carnations, both malmaison and tree varieties, are indispensable.

In chrysanthemums, large or small, whether for exhibition or decoration, there is much choice of variety and colour, and rich blendings of shade and tints.

Another greenhouse winter decorative subject is the cineraria, a bold plant with an abundance of elegant flowers.

As a climber, we find clematis a free and useful plant, and some varieties are highly fragrant.

Cytisus (broom), obtainable in several shades, is very graceful.

Geraniums, double and single, and gloxinias, with their large bell-shaped flowers, some spotted, some self-coloured, with deeper shades and veinings in the throat, are easy to cultivate.

Heliotrope is welcome if only for its delicious fragrance.

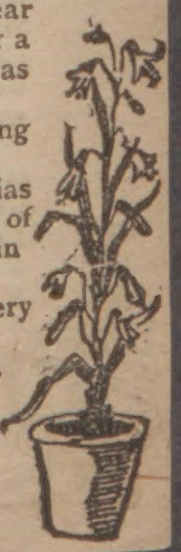
Hydrangeas are easily cultivated and bear large bunches of pretty flowers which keep for a prolonged period and gradually change colour as they mature.

Musk is a useful and fragrant pot plant, bearing small yellow flowers.

Ivy-leafed pelargoniums, primulas and petunias are all indispensable, as they give a profusion of bloom for a long period. Pancratium and poinsettia must also be included.

Spireas are much in demand for their feathery sprays of bloom.

J. FLOYD.



WHEN THE WEATHER BREAKS

HINTS FOR THE HOLIDAY-MAKER IN DANGER OF BOREDOM.

The inevitable break in the summer is nothing new in England's climate of samples. Nevertheless, when it does come not one man in a hundred has ever thought of such a possibility and has only the vaguest idea how to fill up the time until better conditions shall again prevail and he will be able to resume his summer life.

This break, indeed, always finds us unprepared and soon makes us very disgusted. Ten days of fine weather will somehow make the average Englishman forget that wet, dull, cold, and altogether miserable days will come even into the midst of his holiday.

It says much for the national temperament that we make no provision against this ever-threatening failure of the fine weather.

Often the period is ushered in with a crashing thunderstorm. There has been heat, sultry, hazy heat, for a week or two. Then the clouds gather, and one day the storm breaks. It rumbles away towards night, and, perhaps, a weak and watery sun streaks the soaked and shining trees with its pale yellow light, totally unlike its fervent brilliancy an hour before the storm.

A DAY OF IT.

We are still unwilling to give up hope for to-morrow. "The storm," we say, "will clear the air," and we go to bed with a certain impression that a new summer, purged of its sultriness and heaviness, will begin on the morrow.

Next morning there is a chilly wind, no sign of sunshine, and by breakfast time someone discovers, as if it were something to be proud of, that there is a thick drizzle falling. The distant hills are wrapped in what looks like dark and dripping wool, and clouds sweep low, drenching everything.

Then follows the inevitable reaction. There is nothng to do! To be suddenly confined to one's holiday bed-sittingroom in a strange place, by such a change, is one of the most depressing experiences a man can suffer.

To pretend to enjoy a holiday with an umbrella held over one's head is the sheerest make-believe. It cannot be done even by the most optimistic. But what is to be done if the two or three days of intervening dampness are not to be wasted and marked with a blank in the holiday calendar?

FINDING FRIENDS.

On such occasions as this it is as well to remember to consult the list of League members. There is nothing like congenial companionship to stave off wet-weather depression.

Where one man is at a loss to know where to turn, two, three, or more can between them raise a surprising amount of indifference to the wet conditions, and can find innumerable ways, when acting together, of spending the weary hours.

There is card-playing, if it is decided to stay indoors. And even if none of the company cares for that, there is always the pleasure of settling into a den and having a smoke and an all-round grumble at things, together.

More especially is this break in the weather bearable if one can find a few companions with whom one is not constantly associated. New faces, ideas, knowledge, interest, should give a weather-bound holiday-maker a way out of boredom.

Let each member, then, look up the addresses of other members in the neighbourhood of his holiday ground, and whether he looks them up or not, there may come a time when he will consult the list with something more than casual interest and purpose.

If you have your bicycle with you, it is more than likely that it wants a good clean up, and no opportunity is so useful as this. Make a day of it. Roll up your sleeves and have the whole thing to pieces and see that every crank and spoke and rim and piece of plated metal is like a mirror by next morning. The sun may be shining then.

A WALK IN THE RAIN.

If you have put a book or two at the bottom of your bag, so much the better. Even if you have not done so, you can get all sorts of books at very cheap rates at every bookstall nowadays. And the journey to the shop in the drizzle will probably give you an appetite for a walk in the rain, and you will hurry home to put on the oldest suit and set out.

If, again, you have been fortunate enough to get taken by a friend to his club, you can keep up your billiards. In fine weather there is much less inducement to practise, and you are liable to get rusty with your strokes. In the evening, after a day's cycling or walking, you are too slack, and prefer the deck chair and the cool sea breeze to the artificial light of the billiard room and the close atmosphere.

Again, perhaps your conscience pricks you that you have neglected all your correspondence. There is that small army of friends you left behind, and to whom you promised to send a line, if only a picture post-card. Now is your opportunity.

If none of these things offer chances of escape, then you are hopeless, and may the gods have pity on you.

J. McLEAN.

LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

Soldiers, like other people, need holidays, which in the case of officers are known as leave of absence, while the non-com. or private goes on furlough.

Leave of absence varies from a few days to six months or even a year in the case of an officer who has been serving abroad in an unhealthy climate, while similarly furlough may be for a week or some months.

Although an officer is granted leave of absence for a definite period, it is purely an indulgence, and he is always liable to be recalled, which reminds me of an amusing incident.

Two officers stationed abroad went off on short leave to visit some neighbouring sights. Scarcely had they gone when orders came for the regiment instantly to embark for another station, rumours of war having arisen.

A telegram was sent ordering the officers to return instanter, if not sooner. The regiment, however, was one much given to practical joking, and, though the wire was signed "Adjutant," they thought it was a sell, and wired back "Rats," or words to that effect.

More wires were sent, only to be put on the fire unopened, and the officers stayed out their leave.

Luckily for them at the last moment came another order countermanding the move, or they would have been left behind, and would have had to pay their own passages to the new station, and also, as "Chinstrap" would say, "draw a map and explain their reasons."

FROM DAWN TO DUSK.

MORNING.

You may have turned in your sleep at five o'clock, and become almost unconscious of the daylight and the confused songs of many birds. There is still some sleep left in you, however, and you are off again for a little over an hour.

Then, of a sudden, you are wide awake. From your bed there is a glimpse of sky, between the branches of an oak. There is a dazzling brilliance about it, though you can not see the sun.

With a spring you are out of bed, and the next moment you are leaning far out of the window, caring nothing for your tousled hair and your general undress, breathing deep breaths of such a scented air as earth never before gave out.

With many long-drawn inhalations you stand and enjoy it.

Just above you on the point of the cottage gable a starling clicks and clacks, and flutters its wings, and squeals out its imitations of the rest of the birds. Down on the sparkling lawn big thrushes are spearing the turf with hungry beaks, now and again drawing forth with a luscious worm that stretches, stretches, and then breaks. A hearty meal follows for you too. The cool, keen, fragrant air, and the light that never was, so you think, on any other morning, make you hasten to be down and out to tackle the pleasure or the business of the day.

AFTERNOON.

Now the air is like still wine. It has bouquet and body; it still gives zest to life, but it does not rouse one to work or sport.

The morning seemed to sing for joy, a high tune. The afternoon keeps up the melody, but sustained evenly, without effort, and the undertones are deeper.

The humming of a great brown or blue velvet bee is the keynote of the hour. On a shaded seat, a hammock, or a grassy spot of lawn beneath a tree is more enticing than the earlier prospect of work or sport. This hour was made for ease.

White clouds drift slowly over the tree tops, growing smaller and smaller, and finally vanishing into invisible vapour as the hot sun plays upon them. On the level of the earth not a breath stirs. There is a tremor of heat in the atmosphere. Birds break into short, sudden snatches of song. One can only think of the hour as everlasting. One dozes peacefully, unconscious of time.

EVENING.

Out of the deepening twilight the clouds of blossom in the flower beds now seem to vague patches of whiteness.

Turning from the brightness remaining in the west after sundown, the darkness of the east is accentuated. A white gate post looks ghostly, and the dark spaces between the yew trees are filled with the flickering bats. Tsic, tsic, tsic, they keep up, now and again swooping near enough for the sound of their tiny mouths upon a gnat to be heard distinctly.

Even now a solitary late thrush is singing perched high on a larch tip, outlined against the dying glow. Soon it drops down into the shade and is silent.

The high moon begins to cast a shadow clearly. The grass is soaked with dew. Sounds multiply.

Down the light wind come the voices of the village lads still wrangling over the game of cricket—ended an hour ago. Night closes in almost in silence, save for the contented undernotes of the flock of birds settling down in a bunch at the edge of the shallow water on the common.

M. BARR.

THE COLONIES: BY READERS ON THE SPOT

[The following are extracts from letters I have received from Colonial readers; they should prove interesting to all who contemplate emigrating. I do not print the names or addresses, as the writers might not care for such publicity, but I shall be happy to disclose them to anyone who may desire to communicate personally with these overseas readers. A stamped addressed envelope must be enclosed with any application for name and address.—
THE EDITOR.]

IN THE BUSH.

"DEAR EDITOR,—It is with very mingled thoughts, in the midst of one of the wildest parts of New South Wales, that I pen these rambling lines to the Editor of my favourite paper.

"Close on two years ago I left dear old England to try and better my position. Being an ardent lover of horses and an outdoor life, which passion I could not gratify at home, I decided to try my luck in one of our great Colonies, and selected New South Wales as my future home, maybe thinking that, as it was so far away, it would take something stronger than home sickness to bring me back before I had given the country a fair trial.

"Getting to Sydney, I did not waste any time, for after a few days looking about me, I took train to Inverell, five hundred miles distant.

"During the trip up, I fell in with the manager of a large sheep station. He quickly saw I was a new chum, and talked to me with such enthusiasm about his country and its prospects, that I told him my idea was to get to work on a sheep or cattle station, telling him, of course, that my only qualifications were a fair knowledge of horses and, I hope, a good heart.

"Well, he offered me a job if I was willing to do anything he told me (and that, let me tell you, is the secret of success out here), so I closed with the offer, which was worth £1 per week and food, or, as we say in the bush, our tucker.

"On arriving at Inverell I was met by a buggy and pair, and after a feed in the little bush hotel, we set off to the station, the homestead of which is twenty-two miles from town, and the place itself is over 100,000 acres in size.

"Here I was introduced to the overseer, who promised to give me something to do the next day, and in the meantime took me to the quarters. I rested till the evening, when the men employed about the station came in, and then you can bet I took all their chaff fairly well, with the exception of giving one of them who went too far a good sweight left.

"Next day I was told to go with the overseer to muster some cattle for branding purposes. We were mounted and armed with whips with lashes some fifteen feet long, which, I might add, in my hands, was more dangerous to myself than to the cattle, but in the hands of the stockmen it was used as easily as I can handle my pen.

"My beast of a horse (as, at least, I thought then, for now I would not change it for the best horse in the station) indulged in some mild bucking, but, greatly to the surprise of the men, I stuck on, and this speedily raised me in their esteem.

"Then followed, as the weeks rolled by, all the work which falls to the lot of a station hand, boundary riding, mustering, woodchopping, and as much, and sometimes more than enough, riding, for I can tell you, eight to ten hours per day in the saddle, under a

blazing Australian sun, with the temperature at 102 in the shade, and this for days together, is to an Englishman no joke.

"However, I was lucky enough to get the billet of station book-keeper, which I was, at any rate, no new chum at, and I still get plenty of work in the saddle, for every Monday I have to ride into town with and for the mail, so that's forty-four miles each Monday.

"I now close with best wishes to you and your staff, whose work I look for so eagerly, for the local bookseller gets me my favourite each week."

HARD WORK IN SASKATCHEWAN.

"DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am a Londoner. I came here about four years ago and am on my homestead now. I hope to obtain the patent for it this year.

"I often see in your paper, readers asking for advice about emigrating to Canada. In my opinion, if a man has got a good job at home, he is foolish to think of emigrating, but the man who cannot get on at home and who is not afraid of hard work, cannot do better than to try his luck out here, but he will have to earn all he gets.

"I have got along well myself, and so have plenty of others, but there are some who do not, and every man should think over the matter before he makes up his mind to emigrate.

"I hope some time next year to take a trip to the old country, and I also hope to have the pleasure of meeting and shaking hands with you, Mr. Editor, as one of my first calls will be to your office.

"I hope you will not mind my giving my opinion without being asked for it, but I thought if any reader asks you for advice the more you hear about the subject the better you can answer him, and we on the spot know what it is like."

ADVICE FROM ALBERTA.

"DEAR SIR,—Just a line or two from a MODERN MAN Leaguer out in North Alberta.

"Let me say that THE MODERN MAN is a fine paper. I have been a reader now for nearly three years and a Leaguer for eight months. I do so look forward to your paper, which, by the way, takes nearly three weeks to reach here. It is a thorough sportsman's paper.

"THE MODERN MAN League has been the means of getting me a fine chum. Through the medium of the 'Brief Replies' column, I wrote to Mr. Grindley, Brooks Bar, Manchester, and now we correspond regularly with each other.

"Out here one has to do many little jobs for one's self, for example, we cut one another's hair, do our own washing and mending, etc.

"I have often wondered if you have many schoolmasters in the League. I am the schoolmaster at the above school. Teaching here is different from that in England. I have got five nationalities in my school—namely, English, American, Belgian, French Canadian, and Cree Indians. This means four different languages.

"I read with great interest all your replies to correspondents re emigration. I should advise no one to give up a good job in England to come out here, unless, of course, they have a definite job offered them and are coming for actual and not imaginary betterment.

"Allow me to wish you, your staff, and your paper, my very best wishes for every possible success."

SPORT IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

"DEAR SIR,—My business is papermaking, and though just twenty-four, I have wandered about quite a lot to get a thorough knowledge of all branches of the trade.

"I was assisting the managing director of a Kent mill when your paper started, and, being often in London, I intended calling on you, but put it off till it was too late.

"I then shifted to Edinburgh, when I joined the League, and was at the formation of the club there and had some good times.

"I came out here last February, and have never regretted it. This place is right in the centre of the forests, and ten miles from a place of any size; and though a chap sometimes wishes for a night in town with all his chums, yet the four or five years of town life that I had convinced me of the shallowness of it, and I am not sorry to get back to the country again—my own home being on the banks of the silvery Tweed in Scotland.

"We have a lovely river here—the Miramichi—which is over a mile broad, and I just about live on it. I sleep in a tent on its banks, the temperature for the last month or two being sometimes over 90, and the breezes, sleeping with the flaps open, have made me as brown as a berry. . . .

"I have got a canoe, and am on the river at all hours. It is all right on a moonlight night, floating down stream, with moose, deer, etc., drinking on the shores, and one often gets a shot at duck, geese, and musk rats.

"This is a splendid sporting country, moose, deer, bear, etc., in the woods, and salmon, trout, etc., in the rivers. Got thirty trout the other Saturday afternoon and twenty-five a fortnight previously. I hope to get a moose's head when the hunting opens—my experience in the Volunteers at home will help me. Was five years in the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and passed my sergeant's exam. in the 3rd Lanark in Glasgow.

"I had many a good time in camp, and many of the things you learn come in useful in a place like this.

"I am going to buy a half broncho, rising three, and break it in myself. They have a deuce of a temper, but as I have plenty of spare time and miles of open country, I will know the reason why if I do not master it. The snow is also soft to fall on, and we have six months of it here.

"When I landed in Nova Scotia it was 22 under zero, and I had a splendid time

skating and snowshoeing. Got quite an expert at the latter, and I used to think what a change it was, going to biz in three feet of snow, with mocassins and snowshoes on, compared to jumping on an electric car at home; but I did not regret the change.

"It is so dry all the winter that you do not feel the cold at all compared with, say, a foggy day in London.

"I have started two Soccer F.C.'s, though I much prefer Rugby, which I played in Edinburgh. However, I found the young fellows here very difficult to make anything of. Baseball is the great game.

"I was in the river bathing in April, just a fortnight after I had been skating over the same place, and in for a swim every day since. It is O. K. on a moonlight night swimming against a full tide, and no one within miles, when you know that you have to depend upon yourself entirely.

"I was upset one day in my canoe which I was sailing, and which is risky indeed, it being 16 feet long, and only weighing 60 lbs.

"After diving down and clearing myself of several ropes, I clambered on top of the canoe, and some of our men came to my rescue in punts.

"I had a great chase one night after a man who was milking my landlady's cows at 2 a.m. I was just preparing for bed when I noticed him in the moonlight and gave chase with just slippers on.

"I soon left them in a bog, but brought him down with my walking stick just as he was entering the woods. Found him to be a half-breed, and gave him something to remember me by. I put a notice in a local paper that there was a man looking for people who were taking lessons in cow-milking by the light of the moon, with a gun and a slick trigger finger.

"He and a few others we suspected have since vamoosed to the States."

LONELY IN ALTA, CANADA.

"DEAR SIR,—I notice in your 'Brief Replies' that there is a League Member leaving the Old Country and a good situation to come out here. Well, personally I think he is making a great mistake.

"Lots of people at home are crazy over Canada, but what is one man's food is another's poison.

"Of course there are chances in this country that never occur at home, but then a man likes some enjoyment out of life besides making (or trying to make) money.

"I have no reason to kick, as I have done quite well since I came here, but it has all been farming and ranching work, and many miles from a town. Of course, one can't help saving money, but staying so far from civilisation, I might say, makes a chap get careless.

"Another curse in this country is this 'batching.' At present, I, myself, am staying all alone and never see a soul all day, but a fellow gets tired of his own company (and cooking, such as it is).

"Rising with the sun, and tumbling into bed at ten o'clock or so, and just rushing in and getting something ready to eat, is a poor life. I hope myself, to quit it soon, and to try town life for a change.

"Well, sir, I guess you will be cursing me for wasting your time with this rot, but I would just like to say something about the 'free grant' land in this country. If you should hear of any more Leaguers coming out here, tell them not to go crazy over this land business.

"I farmed at home for several years before I came out here, and it is my candid opinion that there isn't a farmstead within a reasonable distance of civilisation that a white man can make a living on. He might exist, but that's all. The old timers got the best quarters going (they deserved them), but what's left might keep a Dagoe or such like in comfort.

"There are some fine quarters, no doubt, away up in the unsurveyed districts, but what a life.

"Lots of people have and still are making good out of their land, that is, where a railroad comes along and where a town springs up, but then it is not their land that is bringing the big price, but the fact that a town has been built near at hand.

"People coming out to take up land should always remember that there are lots of expenses before the Government grants them their 'patent' buildings, clearing off brush and timber, breaking land, fencing, etc., and even then they have no crop guaranteed or any stock. They also lose eighteen months' wages while putting in their residence, unless they get work near by and stay in their own shacko.

"The winters are severe, too. It goes down to 50 and 60 below sometimes.

"I suppose I had better close up, in case you might strike me off the League membership as a raving lunatic, but if you don't I shall see what I can do in the way of starting a club of some sort, should I meet one or two members in the town I strike.

"Trusting you will pardon my liberty and excuse pencil (no ink, and nearest store quite a few miles away)."

FROM MICHIGAN, U.S.A.

[*We include this letter from a reader in the United States, as many emigrants prefer that country to one of our colonies.*—ED.].

"DEAR CHUM,—I see in your recent issues that you have had some interesting letters about emigration.

"I may tell you and other chums of my experience since coming out here some four months ago.

"I landed at Halifax, Canada, the first week in February, and got here three days later. It was a very pleasant but cold journey. I came with the intention of doing anything that came along, which, I think, everybody should do. I managed to strike a job on a new building belonging to a food factory.

"When I had been on the job some five weeks, I had rather a nasty accident. About two tons from a pile of cement caved in and came down on top of me, crushing me very badly. I was taken to the hospital, where they kept me for a week, after which I was off work for another three weeks. Then the owner of the factory found me an easy job inside, which I am still at, earning sixteen dollars, which, by the way, is £3 6s. 8d. English money, working forty-eight hours per week.

"As a rule all the Americans are very civil, and once you get a pal he sticks to you, no matter what comes or goes.

"I have been through lots of food factories over here, and I find everything is so clean that you could eat your food anywhere on the floor.

"The place where I work provides the workpeople with baths and towels free, also wash the overalls and jackets and the girls' dresses the same. They also provide a free meal daily in the winter time.

"Such are the conditions we work under. I wonder how many firms do the same in the Old Country? The weather also is much better than in England. We get lots of sun, and when it rains we have a good, steady downpour for an hour or two and then it ceases.

"No one need be out of work here, for there is plenty of every description, especially for girls. They can't get enough of them.

"By the way, I have been a reader of THE MODERN MAN ever since it started, and wear my badge over here. I have not seen any more, but I pass my paper round every week. All the boys like it, and if I ask them what they like best in it, they all say 'Richard Selby'; so you see that is a compliment to the author and Editor both.

"I notice one thing over here—they don't get as good class of horses as in England.

"I will have to close now, as the Mail has just arrived with THE MODERN MAN, and only an hour before time for work."

BEHIND THE COUNTER.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO SHOPMEN.

Why, one often wonders, is it that when once a man goes behind a counter to earn his living there are hundreds of other men who think he has forfeited all right to be treated with decent politeness?

Buying a box of matches the other day, had scarcely asked for them when a [illegible] person in a showy brown suit, and leading a dog, dashed a florin on the counter and demanded "small change."

He did not even attempt to say "Please," or "Could you oblige me?" and as for saying "Thank you" when he got it—well, he never seemed to have heard of such a phrase.

I turned to the man behind the counter and concluded my purchase—a box of matches—interrupted by the brown stranger. I looked at him.

"Yes," he said, easily appreciating my thought, "it's enough to make a man glad of being behind the counter. And there are thousands like that," he added, rather bitterly.

This man looked at the matter quite philosophically, and from a curiously [illegible] standpoint.

"You know," he went on, "if I met any of those men outside this counter they would treat me in a totally different way. If we were out for the evening with any of them as I might be, we should respect each other's and there would be no suggestion of bad manners. But put a man behind a counter and everybody, or nearly everybody, seems to think he has become a machine and cannot appreciate, or does not understand, ordinary politeness. It's not a personal matter, but a general, well-recognised fact."

And we parted, both wondering why such things should be.

T. WOODWARD.

DECORATIONS FOR DIGGINGS.

One of the cheapest, and at the same time most attractive, ways of filling up bare corners of the walls of diggings is by means of framed picture postcards.

Now that so many firms are printing these cards so admirably, there is a wide choice of subject.

If you are interested in beautiful women there are actresses innumerable whose charming portraits are cheap at any price, and can be bought for pence.

If you like old masters there are series of the very best, also for pence.

If you like scenery, or, indeed, whatever your tastes, there are picture postcards for you in every shop.

These cards should not be nailed up as they are bought, but should be taken to a picture framer, who will put them into charming little plain frames, stained any hue suitable to the picture, for as little as threepence each. Then the cards make admirable decorations.

It you have the time and the inclination you may, of course, frame the cards yourself, but you will not save much by doing so, as the charges of picture-framers are now very fine; and, besides their work is neater.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

THE SPONGER

By F. PROCTOR WATSON.

The Sponger had, like the
loress of weekly serials, long since dis-
ered that there was a lot in a name,
ording to one's part in life so should
me be selected.
was discovered in the light of after
nts that he had never been guilty of
g the name of Courtnelle to fit his parade
a country gentleman descended from a line
more or less plebian but wealthy farmers.
, as the young man about town, had
made the mistake of calling himself Bates.
All this, of course, was before the days
en he came into our midst and earned the
fviable soubriquet of "The Sponger."
e had lived on his wits certainly. He
been a little bit "near" in his dealings
ut never before had he battened to the
ent of wearing out his welcome, on any
. The wonderful theatrical ventures he
engineered had been in actual existence
n if they had benefited no one but (in the
instance) Mr. Courtnelle, or (in the other)
Bates.
n our little market town he came out far
e as himself than any other character
his extensive repertoire. He was the actor
ging."

We know now that he had had a bad time
it that the old coat he wore with what
facetiously termed the "two pennyworth
dstrachan" on the collar and cuffs was no
rop" of his. It was that most mournful
all garments—the one overcoat upon which
pawnbroker will not advance e'en the
unclean coppers.
There was no affectation either about his
ly, unshorn face. He was not exploit-
g as an eccentricity. Poor devil, some-
he had neither the necessary twopence
the razor to shave himself with. For
own justification I must state that we did
think, at any period, that things were so
as that with him.
Marcus Graveney" sounded somewhat of
n name perhaps, but it was the name of
acquisition to the ditchwater dullness of the
e in life to which it had pleased Provid-
to call most of us.
He was one of those unfortunates who not
sing a good song, but who are mightily
ased when you show your appreciation of
The mistake being frequently made, alas!
to take your appreciation of their singing
a liking for themselves.
We would gather at nights in the little
rly Victorian bar-parlour of the "Market
rn." We would take our seats on the
rehair sofa, the broken-springed armchair,
the ladies' chair that, for some reason,
orian era ladies were so mournfully back-
without arms—presumably because in the
rd in such things as hockey, golf, sprawl-
g at their ease in armchairs, and other
nt-day fashionable poses in deportment.
We would assure the good landlady that
would take particular care not to break
lustres or upset the glass-case full of
fruit.
Then, having warmed ourselves up to the
ter by listening more or less attentively
the old songs, worn threadbare by our
gence, who possessed on average about two
unchanging with the changing years,
would call vociferously on Mr. Marcus
raveney to oblige the company with the next
ng.

He was, I suppose, no Maurice Farkoa,
he could sing very creditably, among
things, most of the ditties that Mr.
rkoa has made famous. He had the charm-
g mannerism necessary to the little *chan-*
ettes, and what he did not possess of
volume of voice he made up with sweetness of
dertone.

On such nights even the more material habitués of the four-ale bar would steal up the little dimly-lighted brick-paved passage by the bar parlour as softly as they might and, standing by the green silk drawn-blind-adorned door, would listen with rapt expressions on their bucolic big faces to the plaintive love ditties of Mr. Marcus Graveney.

Now had he stuck to playing the piano and avoided playing anything else, it is doubtful whether he would have gained his bad name so soon, for it is against the honour of any coterie of young men to allow the entertainer of the company to place them under further obligation by standing them liquid refreshment. But the elusive game of snooker pool was the commencement of his downfall.

As we saw on that first night when he succumbed to our open invitation to join us in a quiet penny-a-ball game, it was evident that he had played before.

He held a cue as he did most things—artistically—and we learnt much from the scientific bridge he made. But lapse of time and lack of practice beat him. Besides he was playing with his love of the game fighting the voice that told him he could not afford it if he lost. And that never made for good play.

As things chanced, we had phenomenal luck, and the only score Marcus made was recorded on our side. The unluckiest of "snookers" were laid him, and it was rarely on such occasions that he did not give the blue, the pink, or the black away. And that is enough to break the heart of a colour-blind marker.

At the conclusion of the game we were treated for the first time to a Marcus Graveney very ill at his ease. He was feeling in all his pockets. . . . Hang it, beastly nuisance, etc. He had brought only a couple of shillings out with him. He would have to pay us next time.

Now a man will cheerfully sell you a bicycle and wait for the money, but owe him fourpence ha'penny at snooker pool and it will remain inscribed deeper on his heart than was Calais on that of a certain English queen.

It is a sin, heinous, vile, and unforgivable. Let your tailor go hang and owe your little fish merchant for your matutinal kipper if you will, but do not dare to leave unpaid one farthing of your snooker liabilities.

Two days passed in Marcus Graveney's case. In the meantime he invented a story of a cheque from his lawyers that did not turn up, and obtained a further three-days grace, a lot of sympathy and more free drinks than he could comfortably carry.

On the third day he told us a long story about the senior partner of the firm being on the Mediterranean, so that his signature could not be obtained to the cheque. It was a nuisance he said—inconvenient—deuced shame to put a fellow in a hole like that—worst of these old bits of animated parchment, eh?

The faith of some of us, however, was still steadfast. He seemed a decent sort. The wealthiest man of our coterie offered him money.

That occasion stands out very clearly in my memory. What to us was a big sum in those days—five pounds—was offered him.

For a moment I saw him hesitate. Then he somehow eliminated the look of longing out of his eyes. What an effort it must have cost him to say those next two simple words, "No, thanks."

We did not know then that, according to his lights, we had in our presence a hero. He would have taken the money and the next train to anywhere he liked. From what I have heard since of his circumstances then he would at least have been able to still the most material of all man's wants. But he said "No thanks" to the five pounds. I reserve to myself an idea that he took us for "pals."

He continued with us, and still played and sang to us the *chansonettes* of Maurice Farkoa. Also, he drank beer with us, and established as a joke a plate of biscuit and cheese in the "Market Tavern" at about twelve o'clock, binding each man over to secrecy until he had worked the joke on his neighbour on succeeding days. You said, "What will you have?" to Marcus Graveney, and he roared out as if it were some triumphant witticism, "Plate of biscuit and cheese!"

Well, we were prepared to allow a man with his genius at the piano that amount of licence. We passed it by as a perverted sense of humour. One cannot shine at everything.

Days passed, and no further mention was made of the lawyers. Had we troubled to think about it at all, we should have concluded that he had got his cheque, but anything beyond a temporary shortness of money had never entered the lives of any of us. Anyhow, I am sure that no one had ever had recourse to the plate of biscuit and cheese "joke."

But, almost imperceptibly at first, we started to drop Mr. Graveney. He "never paid his whack," and when asked to have a second drink by any of us he always took it that we meant it. He either could not or would not see that we were hinting that it was his turn. Also he owed some of us as much as two and fourpence for snooker, and he never thought of mentioning it.

And because of this matter the thing went round. Graveney was a sponger. We must avoid him. We had made a mistake in picking him up. One could not be too careful with strangers who come from nowhere.

I think we had forgot we had made the first advances, that we had persuaded him to play to us those dreary winter evenings, that one of our number had offered to lend him money which he had refused.

Therefore, if we saw Graveney walking towards us we discovered we had sudden business down a handy side street.

He was slow to notice this at first, but I remember his look when it was made painfully plain to him.

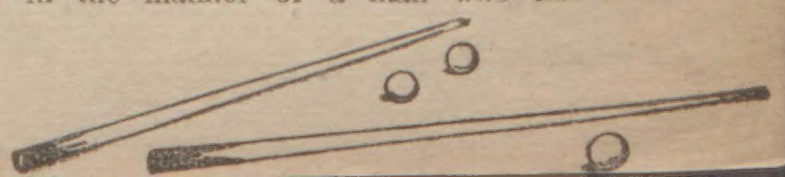
"Been practising up one or two little songs at my digs," he said, catching us unawares after tea one early spring evening. "Come in the Tavern and I'll run them over to you."

"Going down to cricket," replied the spokesman of our party.

I saw Graveney glance at our lounge suits and note our lack of a single kit-bag that might contain flannels.

"All right," he said lightly, and we left him.

But I, who caught something else in his voice, glanced back. He was looking after us in the manner of a man who has lost



something he has been striving all his life to gain.

He walked away swinging his stick and whistling, yet he walked quickly, purposefully.

The trite note that the policeman who cut him down brought us, asked: with no money, no prospects, and the loss of those he had thought good friends, what else was there for him to do?

When we heard the news, the barmaid of the "Market Tavern," an admirer of the *chansonettes*, was trying over one she had bought because she had liked his rendering of it.

We asked her if she would mind playing something else—something that would not remind us of The Sponger.

"He's dead!" explained the wealthiest member of our little coterie, tragically. "Dead! And he owes us all our money over that game of snooker."

A BILLIARD DIFFICULTY.

WHEN THE "SPOT" IS COVERED.

The other day I was playing a game of billiards and potted the red ball. My opponent's ball was so close to the billiard spot that it was impossible to spot the red ball. I said that it should be spotted on the pyramid spot, but he insisted that it should go on the middle spot.

There were neither markers nor a copy of the rules in the room, and my opponent was so positive about it that I gave way, more especially as it made no particular difference to me which spot the red went on.

On reaching home, however, I looked up the rules, and found that I was right. If the billiard spot is covered, or partially covered, so that the red ball cannot be spotted, it must be placed on the nearest spot, which, of course, is the pyramid spot.

If the red ball is forced off the table or pocketed by a foul stroke, it must be replaced on the "spot"; if that is occupied, then on the pyramid spot; and if that, too, is tenanted, as might conceivably happen—*e.g.*, your opponent's ball is on the spot and your own ball is covering the pyramid spot—then it goes on the middle spot.

You know that if you make two consecutive spot strokes the red must be spotted in the centre of the table. But suppose the middle spot is occupied, what happens then? The red goes on the pyramid spot. If by any extraordinary chance the pyramid spot is also occupied, then the red goes back on to the spot.

In such a position, assuming your ball to be on the pyramid spot, there is an off-chance of your cutting the red in or "doubling" it into one of the middle or bottom pockets. Anyway, if you succeed in potting the red again either by accident or design, it goes on the spot again; and as regards the spot-stroke rule, you count as having made one spot.

If your ball touches another ball, the red is spotted on the spot, your opponent's ball on the centre spot, and you play from hand. The fact of the red ball and your opponent's ball touching makes no difference.

At snooker pool a coloured ball is respotted every time it is potted (except after all the red balls have been taken), and if its proper spot is occupied it is placed on the nearest spot. If all the spots are occupied then the ball must be placed as close as possible to the ball on its proper spot, and in the direction of the top cushion.

The brown ball is ordinarily placed on the centre baulk spot, which is equidistant from the other two baulk spots. Suppose, then, that brown's spot is occupied, which is the nearest spot to it? In this particular case the right-hand baulk spot is considered to be the nearest spot to brown.

H. C. JONES.

THE HUMAN SIDE

THE CHARM AND THE MISERY OF LONDON.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

It was of late that Percival, the witty writer, remarked that one had to live three years in Paris before one knew the innermost life thereof. That is understandable enough, but I can safely say that in London you might live for thirty years and never get to the innermost life at all.

We all know the miseries of London. Everybody who has ever been in it has some knowledge of them, and most people who live there, or have ever been in London, have a certain knowledge of London's charm. But it is not everyone, either in three or in thirty years, who learns all that there is to learn in this great, wonderful city.

One often hears people say, "Oh! I know my London." They do know their own little particular London, their own little world which is contained within the great metropolis of the world, the city of cities—London.

RICH AND POOR.

Think how many worlds there are under this one heading—London. There are the sleek and aristocratic swallows, who come with the spring and who flutter away when August draws near, and who only come in spots afterwards until the spring comes round again.

Then there are the wealthy residents, people who really love their London, and who live in it all the year round, excepting for the cold spring months, when they hie them to other shores.

Then there are the busy people, who cannot afford this sort of relaxation. They live in London, too, all the year round, and only get away for the hot summer holidays to some foreign spa or English seaside resort.

And then there are the people who never go away, and the people who live in slums in the east, and in suburbs everywhere.

To each and all of these London has its charm and its misery—separate charm and separate misery.

For myself, when I was younger, I loved the winter season, but since I am getting into years—hateful phrase and more hateful condition—I find the winters much more trying. And yet, what a charm there is about London in the winter. The brilliantly lighted streets, the cosy little entertainments.

One thing is very certain—that one has to take the charm and the misery of London one with another. One cannot have all charm, although it is quite possible to have all misery.

FREEDOM.

Size is one of the miseries of London. On the other hand, the very size of London makes you free. You do not have to know your next-door neighbour. You may be very pleased to do so, but there is no must about it.

There is no sense in London of being watched, and to many that is an inestimable boon. There are those who flaunt along in a delightful and blissful spirit of "don't care—rather like to create a sensation than otherwise"; but, on the other hand, there are many to whom publicity, the fact of being perpetually in the public eye, is little short of torture.

I never understood this myself until by accident I went to live in a street where I think the main population were without occupation. I can safely say that I never went down that street in daylight without gathering an audience to the windows. That is, however, the only period of my whole residence in London that I have felt myself under a microscope, and I take it that the reason is because of its having been a very quiet street.

Among the greatest miseries of London, to me, are the night shadows—those nameless, homeless, penniless forms who sit about on benches and in dark doorways, and are continually moved on—which perhaps is as well, for did they sleep steadily through the night they would assuredly not be able to move for stiffness in the morning.

Who are they? What are they? Whence come they? Whither are they going?

They struggle on through the dreary days and into the ghastly nights. They have no hope, no goal. I never wake in the night and hear the wind howl, as it sometimes does, but those phantom shapes come to my mind, and I turn in my bed with a shudder and a shiver, out of sympathy with those who have no bed in which to turn.

God help them! They may be there through their own faults and failings; that must make it none the less bitter.

LONDON, THE CRUCIBLE.

The miseries of such derelicts as these are patent to everyone, and I sometimes find myself wondering where do they see the charm of London, or of life, or of themselves.

London is an opulent mistress—her streets are paved with gold. I have known those who came to her as an El Dorado, and who reaped a rich harvest indeed in an incredibly short time.

But I have known those to whom London is naught but a great crucible, melting down flesh and blood, skin and bones, heart and brain, melting it down to nothing, with never a diamond at the bottom.

And yet there must be a charm even for these, or they would get away out of the stony streets away from the cold benches, from the drip of the trees and the glare of the sun, from the hunger, and cold, and heat, and thirst which beset those who find themselves penniless upon life's highway.

THE WOMAN ON THE BRIDGE.

Some little time back there was a woman who sat all day in one of the recesses of a bridge crossing the Thames.

She sat there all day undisturbed, a mass of rags, muttering and mowing to herself, now and anon turning over her poor possessions which she had in bundles round her.

A terrible object, and yet she was a lady born and had been left by her father an heiress to a large fortune. They had lived in a big house, but a little way off, but there she sat watching the carriages of her one-time friends rolling past.

And there she sat and sat until at nightfall the police moved her on—always in the same corner. And she may be there still for aught I know to the contrary. Once she added to the charm, and now she is the personification of the miseries of London.

JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

THE MAYOR'S HAT.

An amusing story reaches us in connection with one of the many pageants which are being prepared throughout the country.

Part of the procession is to consist of the mayor, aldermen, burgesses, and their wives and handmaidens, all dressed in barbaric mediævality, the mayor in this particular pageant being on horseback, and arrayed in gorgeous Tudor mayoral panoply.

At the first rehearsal, when the mayor was shown his costume, he asked where the hat was, and was informed that mayors of that period rode uncovered.

But he is a careful and withal just father of a quiverful, and was fearful of the consequences of a cold. He therefore insisted that if no hat were provided for him he would wear his bowler, for the sake of his family.

This was too much for the property master who felt it incumbent upon him to yield. He has, therefore, provided for the use of this Tudor mayor a three-cornered hat of the later, but no less romantic, Hanoverian period.

The worthy citizens of that particular town who happen to observe the incongruity of costume are thus informed of its cause.

...GIN TO SHOW IN ...ER'S GREEN FABRIC.

...men are incapable of ...g facts when those facts ...volve anything unpleasant. ...They turn away, or burke the ..., shelving it as best they ...Probably a majority of ...ple are of this character, ...probably this is why we ...k to the seaside when ...uly and August come ...and again.

...For it is in the haunts of ...ple where the in- ...th of the year to- ...mmer is longest kept ...

...may not penetrate to ...art of the town till long ...after it has set the country- ...side a-singing with new life, ...but summer is equally slow ...quitting the town, and lin- ...gers on until there is no doubt ...at the year is spent and that the later rains ...it hand.

...It may be for these reasons that a nation ... its holidays at the time when ...it is close to autumn flocks with one ...to the town by the sea.

...tiny minority that leaves the seaside ...pushes inward to the land is negligible ...its numbers compared with the masses ...go to the sea. And, again, the land- ...loving holiday-makers are very largely those ...who take their holidays early in the year, ...when the land is at its best.

SEASIDE SUMMER.

...is wisdom, and a deep-seated instinct, ...ward migration in August. ...do not turn yellow and dry up ...ing year; no autumn change ...the water; but so long as the ...es upon the sea there is the semblance ...summer—a little make-believe, too, ...the hearts of those who know ...the hand of the spoiler is already ...

...n has not come into the sphere of ...tired things, but there is a raggedness, ...atmosphere, a frayed and wearied ...upon the land.

...On the high road the dust has won the ...with the scanty showers, and has tinged ...ass-blade, every leaf of the hedge, ...wayside tree trunk, flower, and herb with ...faint but choking film of white dust. There ...no ...er bright greenness here, but all ...dull, and half-stifled.

...Your walking stick lightly over the ...grass on the roadside greens. The dust ...rises in clouds far thicker than were the ...clouds of pollen earlier in the year.

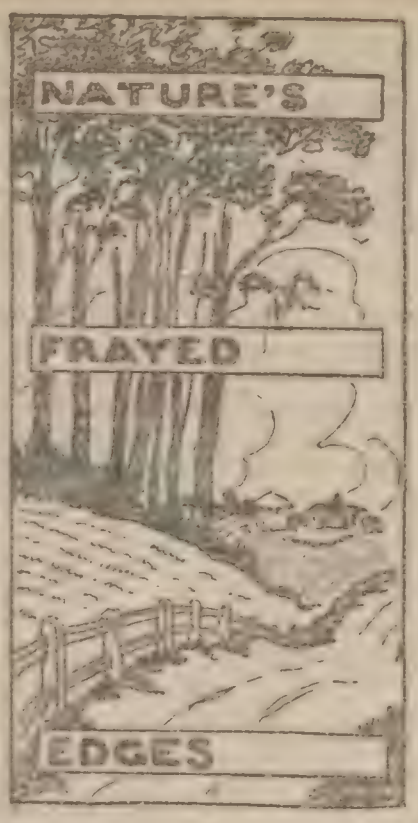
...You may walk silently in the soft dust that ...lies red at each edge of the road, and ...every passing car and cart, every cyclist, raises ...a cloud of it and makes it fall upon the hedge.

SIGNS OF AGE.

...Even farther afield there are just as many signs ...of death. The oak trees have turned ...green and the gloss of the leaves has ...gone. Faded wild roses, and other ...flowers, drooping grass, and spread- ...ing weeds show the last straggling efforts ...of summer to display herself.

...The trees look old. The stream is ...choked with dark weeds that are almost ...hidden by yellow-white puffs of froth gather ...round the trees in the sluggish water.

...The pond, too, is sadly choked with weed. ...There is not a square yard of unencum- ...bered water where a hook and a float might be ...cast by a fisherman after roach. ...Weeds have joined in endless strings ...across the pond, and not a ripple ...disturbs the surface.



Upon some of the trees there has begun that change from green to gold, russet and brown, that precedes the fall of the leaf.

Up in the billowy masses of the elm's shapely tops there are single sprays already yellow. Here and there in the hedge are leaves of dead bracken; while in the town the leaves of lime and plane trees are already scurrying on the ground before every twisting gust, brought to earth earlier by the poisons of the less pure atmosphere.

But there is a greater change still to be noted than any of these. It is the strange silence that has fallen upon wood and field and garden and copse.

Every voice is stilled. Not a bird sings; scarcely a plover whines out its complaint as it wheels over the high pastures.

In the woods the silence is most strange. One may walk for a whole afternoon and hear no cooing of wild pigeons, no boisterous flapping of wings as they hasten to and from a nest. The very hum of insects is stilled.

THE HIDING BIRDS.

Listening and watching intently, one may see and hear the busy wasps ripping dry wood from an old gate and carrying it away to the nest down the clean-cut hole in the bank. But this is almost all.

A sleepiness has come over the earth. The birds have done their nesting long ago, and are now furtively hiding in the deep hedges while they moult. They are ruffled and miserable, and the life has gone out of their movements.

Growth is at an end, and the garden is shorn of most of its colour. One must wait for chrysanthemums and Michaelmas daisies to bring back a touch of lightness and variety.

For the rest, all is dull green, with seed-pods quickly ripening, and it requires but little imagination to detect the rustle of fallen leaves, to hear the autumn gales in the bare trees, and to smell the pungent smoke of the October bonfire.

C. EASTON-GREY.

SOAP.

This is not an advertisement. Otherwise one or two really excellent soaps could be mentioned for the benefit of readers.

Most of us get tired of "the soap I'm using," sooner or later. Soap is like tobacco and most other things in this respect, that it ought to be changed occasionally.

Apart from its quality as soap, there should be a pleasant fragrance about it. This should not be a very strong or very artificial scent. If it is strong it is apt to cling to one too much after washing. If it is of a much-made-up character, the soap is probably harmful.

When your ordinary soap has lost its character, so to speak—that is, when it has ceased to give a distinct pleasure either from its scent or its other qualities—a change should be made.

Remember that you cannot get a pure soap with a pleasant smell gained from harmless ingredients for next to nothing. Good soap costs money and is worth paying for. By paying a good price you can generally get a first-class article.

Cheap soap should be avoided.

Men who are troubled with bad skins should try the experiment of changing their soap for another make.

SPORTING ENGLISH COUNTIES.

EACH HAS ITS OWN PET RECREATIONS.

I do not think that there is an unsporting county in England (please note, I am not as yet dealing with Ireland, Scotland, or Wales); but some are more sporting than others; or, rather, are more addicted to particular sports.

Cumberland and Westmoreland are, of course, identified with their particular style of wrestling, while we in the South know little of the hound trials and guides races for which the dalesmen have a passion.

Despite the progress of "Soccer" in the South, Lancashire and Yorkshire, not forgetting Northumberland, may be reckoned as the English home of the game.

There is scarce a sport worthy of the name that is not followed by Lancashire and Yorkshire.

At cricket and football they are, of course, pre-eminent. While Lancashire does little in the hunting line, the York and Ainsty and other Yorkshire packs need not fear comparison with the best that the Midlands can show.

The Lancashire lad or the Yorkshire tyke needs no bush as a shrewd racing man.

Both counties are strong in swimmers, though neither is "top-hole" in the oarsmanship line.

Both, till the Northern Union split came, were strongholds of Rugby; while Lancashire keeps the fine game of lacrosse very much alive.

To be candid, however, both are somewhat given to unmanly sports, such as fights in which kicking with iron-shod clogs is allowed, and that most brutal pastime rabbit-coursing.

Still, take him by and large, the Lancashireman or the Yorkshireman is a really good sportsman.

The Cestrian and the Northumbrian have much the same characteristics as their immediate neighbours, but neither specialises much in cricket. The Northumbrian is nothing if not a doggy man and is in general a keen fancier.

Rugby football is the Cornishman's and the Devonian's favourite game, wrestling perhaps their favourite sport.

Leicester is a very sporting county. Apart from its splendid hunting, Leicester knows a thing or two about both codes of football, while Leicester cricket is usually attractive.

Notts cricket and football need no comment, but Nottingham is perhaps the angling county *par excellence*.

Warwickshire, Worcestershire, Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire are all keen hunting counties, while Warwickshire football as represented by Aston Villa, and Worcester cricket as epitomised in the history of the Foster family, are things to talk about.

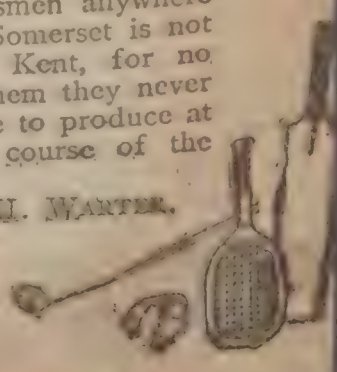
Kent is essentially a county of amateur sportsmen, for with the exceptions of Woolwich Arsenal and New Brompton professional football has no great hold there, while amateurs—of the best type, too—have always predominated in Kentish cricket.

Both Surrey and Middlesex are cosmopolitan counties, and cannot be said to favour certain sports to the exclusion of others, for they have within their borders sportsmen of every type, nationality, and degree.

Essex is plucky and sporting, for it is not a wealthy county and its cricket and football survive in the face of difficulties which would daunt men less keen on sport.

You won't meet better sportsmen anywhere than in Somerset. At cricket Somerset is not second in popularity even to Kent, for no matter what the odds against them they never stop trying, and usually contrive to produce at least one big surprise in the course of the season.

H. WARTER.



BURBAGE

AN EPISODE.

By

S. MORSE-CHAPLIN.

There was this refreshing quality about Burbage, that you never knew what he was going to do next.

He was curly-haired and girlish-looking, yet always up to some devilment, getting the whole form in a row for laughing, while he was the only one who kept an innocent, it might almost be called a melancholy, face and escaped.

I remember once some half dozen of us, the shining lights of the class, had been chosen to enter a public examination—the College of Preceptors, I think it was—and Burbage was one of the number.

The final agony over, Burbage said:

"No more swotting. I feel like doing the grand to-day. Who's for joining me in a real good blow-out?"

"It's awfully good of you, Burbage," we said.

Burbage had always more money than the rest of us.

"Not at all!" said Burbage, and he led the way to a restaurant whose imposing exterior almost overawed us.

There was a commissionaire with red braid and gold buttons, who flung the door open as the palpitating procession, headed by the imperturbable Burbage, walked self-consciously into the marble hall.

We found a deserted table in an elaborate tea-room, where a band was playing, and sat down with our caps rolled up and shoved in our pockets.

A pretty waitress came up smiling to serve us.

"Have just whatever you like," said Burbage, with his elbows on the table and looking about to see if there was any one present he knew.

We ordered pastries—a plentiful supply of them. Dish after dish disappeared rapidly.

At the finish Burbage suggested a sixpenny ice all round.

"Will there be anything else you require?" asked the pretty waitress, smiling with her pad and pencil ready in her hand.

"No, thanks," said Burbage.

"All on one bill?"

"No; separate bills, please."

A cold stillness crept down our spines, and we looked mutely at Burbage for guidance.

He sat abstractedly—putting lumps of sugar in the mustard-pot.

"Well," he said, and rose to his feet, "we mustn't stay here for ever."

"But I say, you know," blurted out Brown minor, "what are we going to do with these tickets?"

"Pay at the desk as you go out."

"Yes, but look here! This is your invite, you know." Burbage sat down again in blank surprise.

"Mine? Who said so?"

"Why, you did. Didn't he? You chaps heard him."

We agreed with the emphasis born of a sense of intolerable wrong and of a belief that our united wealth would probably not suffice to pay for a single bill.

"I never heard of such a thing," observed Burbage. "What I said was: 'Who's going to join me? . . .' You don't think I can afford to spend fifteen bob on a tea, do you?"

"You ought to be jolly well kicked," said Brown minor, tears in his voice and not far away from his eyes. He had fourpence-ha'penny in his pocket and the biggest bill of any of us!

"If I understand you aright," said Burbage clearly, looking at each of us in turn, "you're growling because you've spent more at my expense than you would have done at your own."

We could not refute this truthful but glaringly ungenerous statement.

"Better pay up and look pleasant," he said, philosophically.

"But we can't," said Dinky major, despairingly. "We're pretty well all cleared out."

Burbage gave a whistle of dismay.

"By Jove!" he said. "That comes of being so thundering greedy. Whatever are you going to do about it?"

We didn't know.

"Well, you'll have to get out of it as best you can. I've only just enough to pay for my own. How much does it come to altogether?"

We totalled up twelve and threepence.

"And how much have you got between you?"

After much fumbling and searching we realised two and tenpence ha'penny.

"It's an indictable offence, you know," said Burbage, not improving our cheerfulness in the least.

Silence.

"Well, there's no use in *all* of you getting locked up. If you take my advice, you'll all clear out but one, and leave him to settle the question and do the best he can. Ta, ta, you chaps! I think I'll get out before the trouble begins."

We surveyed his retreating figure with much the same emotions as marooned sailors must feel as they watch their recent vessel disappearing over the horizon.

His obvious indifference to our predicament was hard to bear; it was so unmentionably callous.

He added insult to injury by delaying to chat amiably with the girl at the pay-desk, even descending to extract amusement at our expense, for he pointed us out to the girl and said something which caused her to shake her shoulders with laughter.

Then, sorrowfully, we met each other's eyes.

There was no help for it—one of us must face the music.

We decided, after furtive whispering, to draw lots.

How well I remember what followed! To this day a hot flush comes over me when I picture the figure I must have cut.

For I was the chosen scapegoat, and there I sat, sick with unhappiness, for nearly an hour after the lucky others had gone.

The only atom of comfort to be derived from the situation was that I had possession of all their money and that each would have to walk home.

But it was flimsy solace.

To make matters worse, the customers were diminishing rapidly, happy and unconcerned-looking, in ones and twos, not knowing of the tragedy which was at work in my breast and which rendered my stomach uncomfortable. . . . And how I envied them!

At last there began to be signs that the tables were being made ready for dinner.

Still I sat on, unable to muster the necessary courage to move, picturing police-court and prisons, and painfully aware that I had become the focus of giggling attention of nearly every waitress in the place.

How long the agony would have been protracted I cannot say, but finally the cashier Gordian knot was cut by the cashier herself, who left her box and tripped towards me while I sat fascinated like a toad before a snake.

"Would you mind letting me have your checks?" she requested sweetly.

With a face like fire I began on a stammering explanation.

"Oh, please!" she laughed. "That gentleman who went out first paid for all of you. We only want to file the checks."

. . .

BOXING CLASSES.

The athlete who desires to make more of his sport can often do so by starting a boxing class in the evenings, particularly in a working-class neighbourhood.

Most young men are anxious to learn boxing from a practical teacher, but they are not all able to pay the rather high fees charged for individual tuition.

When teaching a class, however, the instructor can afford to charge much less and if he is a good business man and makes arrangements to take weekly payments and other ways to suit the convenience of his pupils, he will not lack for patronage.

Moreover, he will find the work easier than teaching private pupils, for he will not have to be on the go himself all the time, but can, to a considerable extent, let his pupils practise sparring with one another.

ATHLETICS AND THE FEET

POINTS MOST MEN FORGET.

In the same way that the average cricketer neglects his hands, and so leaves them covered in later years with all manner of unsightly callosities, so does the runner, the athlete, the runner and the jumper, neglect that most important portion of his anatomy, the feet.

The jumper—especially the high jumper—will very often experience a bad [illegible] result of the sudden throwing on to the feet of the entire weight of his body. That is why a high jumper should generally be a fairly light man. However, it behoves him in any case to strengthen his understanding at the ankles.

What he should do is to walk on his toes—I don't mean on the tips of them, like a Russian dancer with a name like a sneeze, but on the part of the foot composed of the ball and the toes.

Let him do, say, two hundred yards once or twice, on the first day, two or three "goes" of three hundred yards the next, and so on each day in increasing distances.

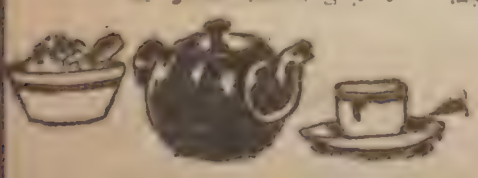
This will benefit every muscle in his feet and will also strengthen his ankles to such a degree that they will stand the jar of the highest or the longest jump.

The runner—I am speaking here chiefly of the long-distance man—should have the soles of his feet as hard as possible. The best way to ensure this is to bathe them night and morning in fairly strong alum water, and powder them after every run, powder them otherwise, with boracic powder.

Always before a run, by the way, the soles of the feet, the socks, and the soles of the running pumps should be rubbed with ordinary soft soap.

All the above hints, too, will also benefit the boxer, who, above all men, should have good sturdy ankles and feet.

E. D. MARSHALL.



CYCLE TRACK STORIES

By AN OLD PRO.

...who has at... the cycle races that ...place periodically at ...Crystal Palace, Catford, ...Herne Hill, or who ...times or partici... the frequent ...cycle races that form part of the ...so frequently held at Stamford Bridge ...the auspices of different amateur ath... clubs, cannot fail to understand the ...that attaches to cycle racing as a ...sport.

More stories perhaps—interesting ones—can ...and of the professional cycling track ...of a good many other branches of ...athletics which are of undoubtedly greater ...antiquity.

RACING EVENTS.

Despite the ever-increasing competition of ...motoring, and more latterly of aviation, ...cycling continues to hold its own as a ...popular sport of the great masses of the ...public. This fact may be gauged by the ...large number of wheeling clubs which may ...be seen streaming along our great high roads ...every week-end and Bank Holiday, and ...also from the fact that hardly any club ...meeting is complete without one or more ...cycle events.

My favourite cycling events are without ...doubt the sprints, or, as cyclists call them, ...the "flying races."

There is no more exciting experience than ...that of pace-maker to a first-class "flying" ...man. This is because a good many of the ...competitors generally attempt the trick ...known as cutting into a rider, and ...which I shall explain further in this article. ...Perhaps the greatest excitement is ex... in the process of pacing a man ...as to break a "flying" record.

...is generally done by a quintette of ...all on one bicycle, the first of whom ...acts as steerer. They start off and do about ...laps of the course in order to get up as ...speed as possible.

C. B. LAWES.

I was one of such a quintette once, engaged ...to pace C. B. Lawes, the famous "flyer," in ...a quarter-mile at the Crystal Palace. Well, ...we had two trial laps first of all, to see what ...sort of pace we could get up; and I noticed ...that the steerer couldn't steer for toffee. His ...front wheel was wobbling about from side to ...side by reason of his feebleness with the ...handle-bars.

At the end of the test laps I said to the ...others on the course that I did not feel at ...all inclined to follow that steerer in the actual ...race. However, they persuaded me, ...and the three men, because there was a ...lot of money and gold attaching to the performance; ...and so with fear and trembling we got into the ...saddle to follow the precarious steerer.

I could see that he was likely to cause an ...awful smash, so I insisted on being steerer ...myself, the other man taking my place, when ...we went ahead like blazes; and Lawes made ...the record of his life for the "flying"

PLAY IN CYCLING.

On another occasion I was in a mile race, ...which I didn't really expect to win, so I ...played, and in other ways did the ...other man—a pal of mine—...quite sure to win. I was par... too, for I knew that one or two men in the race would try foul tricks on him—and these may be interesting and useful for a good many cycling readers to know.

Foul play in a cycling race consists in nine cases out of ten in cutting a man out—a process similar to boring in a horse-race, with the exception that it is far more difficult to detect.

For instance, suppose that a man has drawn an inside berth on the rails (though, of course, it may be done in any position), another man may "barge" across him at a turn without getting the requisite number of lengths in front, and knock the other man's front wheel right off him with a deft manœuvre of his own back wheel.

NURSING A PAL.

Well, in this particular race I dashed off with a lead of several lengths, thus enabling myself quite legitimately to cross over and take up a position alongside my pal, who was on the rails. And in this way I prevented anybody from cutting into him, which more than one tried to do. I kept dead alongside him, until anybody tried to get up, when I promptly dropped back a little, turning my own front wheel slightly outwards. This stopped any little designs they might have; and as soon as I saw everything was safe, I jumped alongside of him again.

Well, I did this repeatedly, until his last sprint home—and he won that race in record time.

Here's a hint to men who are riding in sprints on a flat track—by which I mean an old-fashioned course, where the corners are not raised up as they should be, so as to enable the men to take the turn at their highest pace. It is advisable to slow down just a little, for otherwise you are liable to skid; but if you see that by so doing you will lose too much ground, you should try as far as possible to "jump" your bicycle, as you have seen trick cyclists do on the halls. If you do this properly at any rate of speed, you will amply make up for any distance you may have lost through the skid.

AMUSING CONTESTS.

A word now about the social side of cycle racing at sports. There is a lot of fun to be got out of this. First of all, take the musical ride, which is generally done at athletic meetings in couples—a lady and a gentleman. A band or else a piano plays a march, and the couples perform mystic evolutions, hand in hand, after the fashion of a quadrille. The movements are indicated by chalk marks on the ground, and the prize is won by the couple who perform the feat with the fewest mistakes.

Many competitors get into difficulties early in the competition, and are compelled ignominiously to dismount.

No one is hurt, however, as the pace is necessarily a slow one.

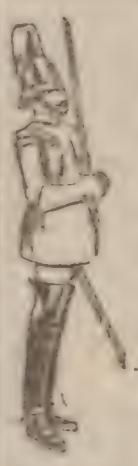
The maypole ride is similar—only couples of ladies and gentlemen twine streamers round a maypole. Here, again, success is decided on correct evolution.

Another amusing event is the egg-and-spoon race. In this each competitor is provided with a spoon, in which he has to balance an egg, and the winner is the one who first reaches the winning-post without dropping the egg. He deserves his prize, for the feat is not so easy as it looks.

But perhaps the greatest fun is provided by the "Balaclava Mêlée," which I advise all cycle-sports promoters to include in their next programme. It is contested between two teams, say of six men apiece, each of whom wears a basket headgear and carries a single-stick. Each team engages in combat, and the one which manages to unseat the greater number of its adversaries is adjudged the winner.

R. L.

THE STRAIN OF CEREMONIAL PARADES.



THEY ARE MORE PUNISHING THAN A DAY'S ROUTE MARCH

Most people are apt to imagine that the only severe trials that befal the soldier are those he undergoes on active service or on manœuvres, where constant marching and skirmishing about naturally tend to put his endurance to the test.

The statement that ceremonial parades equally severely test the soldier's powers of endurance is likely to come as quite a surprise to all except those who have taken part in them.

Many men in the Service have been known to assert that parades of this kind, lasting, say, two hours, give a man a greater strain than a twenty-mile route march.

That is, perhaps, a slight exaggeration, yet the fact remains that it looks far easier than it really is.

Let anyone with doubts try for himself, and the experiment will prove interesting and convincing too.

Try to stand, fully dressed, in the sunshine in the position of "attention" for a quarter of an hour, keeping every limb still as the soldier must. Then the dubious will learn something.

A looker-on at these functions admires the smart appearance of the men, and their rigidity strikes his sense of appreciation of the (to him) unusual. But not a thought enters his head of the terrible strain involved, and, in many cases, of the agony of the man in red.

The pressure of the helmet on the forehead, unnoticeable at first, creates a terrific headache. The muscles of the back begin to "burn," and as the minutes drag wearily by, and still one dare not move, the "burn" becomes intense.

The legs become gradually benumbed and the calves tremble. Soon the whole body is in pain—real pain—but to the credit of those who take part few signs are shown the looker-on.

Yet here and there strong, strapping, healthy men collapse, and are carried by the kindly hands of the supernumeraries to the rear of the line.

Revival soon follows, and back into their places in the ranks they go, feeling, though without justification, thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

It would be hard to describe the relief with which the command to "stand easy" is heard. The rarity of that command on ceremonial parades no doubt causes the mischief.

The order to "quick march" is, of course, sooner or later received, and is most eagerly awaited.

The antics of the men during the first dozen or so of their steps, after prolonged standing at attention, would show quite distinctly what a strain it has been were the observer only sufficiently near to notice such details.

O. M.

THE GROUSE.

THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF "THE TWELFTH."

When this number is published, the wealthy sportsman will be wending his way to the moors of Scotland and Yorkshire, and all for the sport that the little grouse affords him.

The grouse makes history in his quiet way, or, at least, he decides when the upper classes must take their holiday, and he draws them irresistibly northwards so soon as August is comfortably ushered in.

He is a quaint and curious bird beloved of Britishers, not merely because he is essentially British, but because he possesses every qualification which a game-bird should.

He is handsome and swift, often as wild as the hills on which he is bred, always a delicacy fit to grace the table of a king.

He dwells among peerless scenery, can be driven or walked up with dogs or without, he may be made to suit the requirements of irresponsible seventeen or the more sedentary habits of still enthusiastic seventy.

He brings more wealth to Scotland than can be imagined, and though certain "political reformers" would smash his eggs—when they are not ploughing up racecourses—there can be very little doubt that his presence north of the Tweed has been of considerable benefit to the land of cakes.

It must not for a moment be thought that Scotland has a monopoly of grouse. The Yorkshire moors have probably produced far bigger bags than have ever been gathered farther North.

Wales, too, has her famous grouse moors; and Ireland, though overrun by poachers, can still boast among her mountains some that the best of birds has by no means deserted.

Other Northern counties beside Yorkshire are not to be despised of grouse shooters, though Derbyshire is probably the most Southern where the bird has successfully been introduced.

Attempts have been made to turn the heather-clad moors of Devon and Cornwall and the purple hills of Surrey into grouse ground, but the birds have been unable to thrive there.

On a Norfolk estate among the flat heaths a few have remained and bred, but, as a general rule, it may be stated that the grouse will only thrive where Nature has placed him originally.

It is not only heather or twig that he requires; indeed, some of the Yorkshire moors are destitute of both; but it is probably a certain kind of grit found only in favoured localities that is as essential to his existence.

Grouse have fewer kinds of vermin to contend with than most other game-birds. Stoats, and weasels, and rats are not so common in their wild haunts as they are in Southern preserves, while the fox is not always respected in the home of the grouse.

On the other hand, the peregrine falcon and an occasional raven add to his life terrors unknown to most pheasants and partridges.

Less prolific than the two latter, the grouse lays from five to nine eggs as a rule. I have, however, fairly frequently seen clutches of a dozen.

Shooting over pointers and setters is now practically confined to the pursuit of the grouse, and the close cover which the moor supplies gives admirable assistance to this most picturesque and fascinating form of sport.

While the delights of a grouse drive cannot be over-estimated, it must also be admitted that the arduous work of tramping the hills is more beneficial to the hardiness of the race, and that it serves to keep in existence two of the most beautiful breeds of dogs which we possess.

ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN.

MY NOTEBOOK.

FACTS ABOUT THE COLONIES.

I am so frequently asked by readers for information concerning our various Colonies, that I think the collection of letters which I print elsewhere in this week's issue from Colonial readers will prove acceptable to most of you.

Official information can always be obtained, free of charge, from the Emigrants' Information Office, 31, The Broadway, Westminster, London, S.W., or from the various depots which the Colonial Governments have established in London and in certain of our large provincial cities.

When these Governments go to the expense of establishing such depots, we can scarcely blame them for painting life in their particular Colony with a rosy tint, for they want as many emigrants as they can get. That fact makes it all the more interesting to have information from men on the spot, and, moreover, from men who are not in any official capacity, and whose opinions are in no way biassed.

I shall be happy to give the names and addresses of the writers of these letters to anyone who desires to communicate with them, and I am sure that these Colonials, being readers of this paper, will carry out its spirit of good-fellowship by doing their best to answer any inquiries that may be sent to them.

Apart altogether from the interest which these letters have for intending emigrants, however, the stay-at-home reader will also find them entertaining, for there is about them a strong breath of the open air

THE TERRITORIAL FORCE.

Another important feature this week is the article entitled "Scouts v. Territorials."

Some of the writer's assertions may be rather sweeping, but there is much truth in what he says, and Territorial readers will find it interesting to compare their own experiences with his.

HIS MAJESTY'S UNIFORM.

The following letter comes to me from a reader in Caponbury:

"Some little time ago I wrote to you asking if you could give me the name of a Territorial regiment to join. This you kindly did, and I take this opportunity of thanking you for the favour, as I have never met a finer lot of men than my Terrier pals.

"Before I joined I used to get about a bit with a certain lot of chaps I knew, and we used to kid each other we were all friends. But I have since found out who *are* my friends.

"I have completely cut myself away from my former ones, who, when I go out in uniform, start chipping and chaffing me and try to make me look small.

"I can stand this kind of thing from anyone, provided it is done in good spirit, but when they start saluting you without the faintest idea of how to do it, and do and say lots of other things not worth writing, I sometimes feel like giving them a punch under the jaw; but I hold myself back, as I would not insult his Majesty's uniform by lowering myself to touch them.

"They have even asked my girl how she could walk about with a fellow in uniform. She, being one of the best, and a pal anyone could be proud of, has answered them in the proper manner, especially as she reads THE MODERN MAN every week.

"If any of your readers doubt the sincerity of their so-called friends, I would advise them to join the Terriers. Any of them worthy of the name will willingly join with him."

I quite agree with my correspondent in the course he has taken. The [illegible] he has received from his old friends is [illegible] due to jealousy. They are too lazy to [illegible] in drills and to do the other work that [illegible] to the lot of a Territorial, and, therefore, [illegible] cannot wear the uniform.

It is the uniform they covet, and, not [illegible] in a position to wear it, they cast [illegible] upon it, and endeavour thereby to [illegible] pleasure which its wearer enjoys.

As a matter of fact, a man looks [illegible] in a uniform, and his second best [illegible] togs or evening dress.

CLOTHES AND JEALOUSY.

It is not often that we [illegible] man jealous of another [illegible] of his clothes, but this sort [illegible] jealousy is a very common [illegible] amongst women.

The other evening I was waiting for [illegible] at a street corner. There was a flaring [illegible] palace just there, and on the pavement [illegible] there was a perambulator with a baby [illegible] Two women were standing beside the pe[illegible] bulator, and both were drinking stout.

Presently two young women came along. Both were fashionably dressed. I could [illegible] describe their clothes, but they were not [illegible] in an exaggerated style.

When they had passed I heard the women who were drinking laugh and jeer, and [illegible] turning round I observed that one of them was pointing mockingly at the two girls.

There was something funny in seeing the drunken hags ridiculing a coupl[illegible] dressed decent girls.

A SENSE OF HUMOUR.

In dealing with my daily [illegible] respondence I am [illegible] struck by the different [illegible] people have of humour. Here, for [illegible] is a postcard from a reader in Wrexh[illegible] which he says that we deserve a biscuit [illegible] stating in a recent article, entitled "Sporting Dimensions," that Albert Trott [illegible] a bat weighing half a ton.

It would be quite impossible to [illegible] reader that the laugh comes on [illegible] side, because apparently he lacks a [illegible] humour.

We would draw his attention to [illegible] strap's" article this week, in which [illegible] find the statement that bugs in a [illegible] water played "Life on the Ocean Wave" [illegible] that another type of insect burrowed [illegible] man's foot, brought up a family, and [illegible] teaching them golf and the piano.

These exaggerations are not, of course, intended to be taken literally, and to most of [illegible] they are simply a graphic method of announcing that the bugs made a rhythmical noise and that the other insects and his descendants were extremely active; in the same way the previous contributor simply desired to convey that Trott was fond of a heavy bat.

And still this reader will continue to think that we have made an error, even although I assure him that we do these things deliberately.

Some people have no ear for music, some are colour-blind, and some, as I have [illegible] lack a sense of humour. To tell [illegible] funny story is to court disappointment, for they smile you know that they are not really amused, genuinely, because they are not [illegible]

I do not know that I could define humour, but I take it that it is the faculty of [illegible] viewing ordinary things and happenings in an amusing light. Anyhow, it is a saving grace, and not only makes life more pleasant for its possessor, but also saves him, on many occasions, from making himself an object of ridicule.

YOUR EDITOR.

Westinghouse Building, Strand.

THE STRANGER IN THE DARK

HOW YOU MAY TELL THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN YOU MEET ON THE ROAD AT NIGHT.

course of a day's walking one may ith ever so many people who do not ne moment's thought.
afar off you see them approaching, them, nod a word of salutation, and and before the sound of their foot- died away on the road, you have th as completely as if they had

is entirely different, however, alk is at night. The darkness every creature with fresh e rabbit that rustles up into the n swing your stick, makes you of it than if you had just seen it

curiosity is increased with regard nimals, how much more so is it not case of human beings?
walking along a road by night can ferent to the sound of footsteps in or behind. Instinctively he wonders it can be abroad at that hour, and he his wits to work to try, from such scanty scraps of evidence as he has at his disposal, to construct a figure to suit the case.
always an interesting task to complete The fewer the details the more is the problem.
may be only a footstep that one has build on, or it may be that and one other clue.
In the first place eyes and ears and nose must be brought into play.
alking along a darkly-shaded country the eyes can only distinguish the spaces the trees where the sky is visible, and the ootsteps of the approaching stranger are eard long before even the dim line of his discerned.
outset much may be learned from ep alone. If it is slow, heavy, and is in all probability that of some or tramp. If brisker and more of a probably a beggar, who is hurry- town, or even to the nearest

tread of a belated traveller who off the last train out of town, ly be told at once.
d's or a woman's footstep is also sable. Each is light and quick and rly irregular.
Another very useful indication is the song or the whistle which so many people of the classes indulge in as they walk at loud, flourishing whistle, with a tilt, is probably from a youngish stly nervous farm-hand.
rolling song of the sea, or of "mother" a great favourite on these occasions—is a sure indication of a middle-aged labourer a little light.
The smell of tobacco is another useful sign. In the nights of summer, the smoke from r, or cigarette, will hang about on d for a long time after the man has that way.
ought easily to be able to distinguish the various odours from tobacco these three ways; and some men, being able at a sniff to say "pipe" can go on and tell you the and, in the case of a pipe, being smoked in a briar or a

facts assist one in coming to to the character and status of in the dark.
man may walk all the year round roads and may never have any yet he may as well be prepared.

R. MATTHEWS.

SPORTING STORIES.

A SPURGEON STORY.

The late Mr. Spurgeon, the famous preacher, kept a carriage and a fine pair of horses, which he was not above using on Sundays.

One day a prudish old lady remonstrated with him for doing this, and told him that he was not only breaking the Fourth Commandment, but was making his horses do so, and that whilst he had power to do as he pleased they, poor, dumb animals had not.

"Oh, my dear madam," replied Spurgeon, "you need not be worried about my horses breaking the Sabbath; I am happy to be able to tell you that they are both Jews!"

THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

"Phew!" exclaimed the man who had just emerged from the sea. "I've got a wicked lot of water in my ears."

"That explains it," said his friend, who was taking a morning constitutional along the beach. "I noticed that the sea looked rather low, and I knew it wasn't the time for the tide to be out."

RETURNED EMPTY.

The gamekeeper's youngest son had got a job on a neighbouring farm, and one morning he was sent to milk a cow. He returned with an empty pail.

"My lad," said the farmer, looking at the pail, "what does this mean? Didn't the old cow give you anything?"

"Yes," said the boy, "she did. She gave me seven quarts and one kick."

ANOTHER MISTAKE.

"If I may be permitted to say so," said the gushing young man, "you are looking extremely well. In fact, I might say that you look almost as young as your daughter."

"Sir," the lady replied, "I beg your pardon, but I am the daughter."

CORRECT.

"Ticket, please," said the collector, opening the door of the carriage.

"H—haven't got one," replied the tipsy passenger. "Losht it."

"All right, sir," said the official, "you can pay now."

Thereupon the ticket-collector proceeded to write out a receipt and handed it to the passenger.

"Four - and - three, please," he said.

"S—seven," said the tipsy passenger.

RACING OFFICIALS.

EXPLAINING THEIR RESPECTIVE DUTIES.

We all know of the existence of officialdom at race meetings, but probably only the minority of us are aware what manner of work each official has to do.

First of all there is the handicapper, whose duties are so obvious as to need no explanation; then the judge, who sits in his box, scrutinises the approaching field through his glasses, carefully noting their relative positions. When the leaders are nearing home, he puts down his glasses, and takes precise notice of how the first three—or in a big race four or more—pass the post.

Next we have the starter, whose business it is to get the horses ranged in as close a semblance of a line as possible, and then to flash up the tapes like lightning. He must have a hawk-like eye for illicit manœuvring on the part of riders at the gate; and this must be combined with sublime patience and an equanimity that cannot be ruffled.

His powers, as many a tricky jockey has discovered to his cost, are extensive, and, if he thinks such a step necessary, he can order a man out of the race.

The clerk of the scales has his sphere of office in the weighing-room, where he weighs every jockey who is going to ride, and makes a list of all competing, which he then sends to the starter.

After the race he must again weigh the riders of the first three horses, putting an extra 2lb. in the scale, as a proof that the horse has not carried too much.

Jockeys, by the way, are weighed with their saddle and weight cloths; and, in the event of their not quite turning the beam, the bridle may be added to make up the deficiency, if possible.

The clerk of the course is a man of wider and considerably vaguer duties.

He is "responsible for the general arrangements of the meeting." His duties chiefly comprise:

(a) Correct measurement of the various distances of the course.

(b) Publication of the race-cards.

(c) Providing the meeting with stewards.

Finally, a word about the stewards. They are appointed to see that the rules of racing are adhered to; but in many cases the stewards are local magnates, elected on account of their popularity, but who, perhaps, have only the vaguest ideas of the rules which they have to enforce.

Thorough sportsmen and lovers of racing they may be, but unless their knowledge of the rules of the Turf is extensive and exact, they are an annoyance to riders and public alike.

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RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by our
PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

CHEST DEVELOPMENT—RIGHT AND WRONG.

It is my intention in this article to deal with the correct development of the chest.

Superfluous as it may seem, I must call attention to the average chest of the "man in the street." There is no gainsaying the fact that it is "flat."

To the ordinary man this may mean little or nothing; and probably he will never notice his own weakness—for weakness it undoubtedly is—in this direction, unless it be pointed out to him.

To the lay mind, a good development of the pectoral muscles is all that is essential to constitute a good chest, when, as a matter of fact, a heavy and tight development of these muscles hinders the free action and functions of the lungs, and in a less degree, of the heart.

A big, hollow chest, is the "real thing," and every man, unless he be deformed, can possess himself of this if he will only work regularly and systematically for a few minutes daily.

I give here a sketch of Maxick's chest, to show what an ideal chest is. How many athletes can show such chest development? Very few, I think, and yet this man was unable to walk until he reached the age of five.

If a puny weakling can develop such a fine chest, it should be a simple matter for an average man, possessed of determination to do so.

Maxick, showing ideal chest development.

The secret, if secret it be, is in suppleness. To give the name of the muscles that require suppling is quite unnecessary, as they will all become susceptible to the exercise which I am showing, and which, to have any permanent effect, must be performed a few times morning and evening.

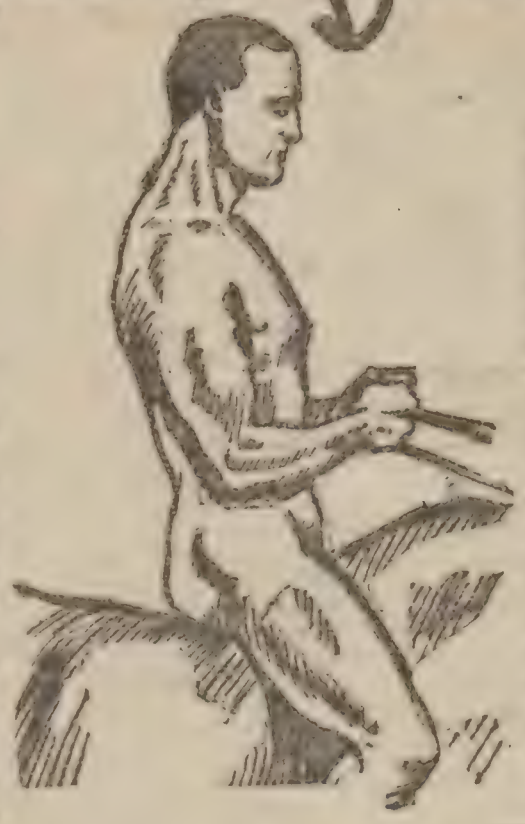
To him whose occupation is sedentary, this simple exercise is invaluable, especially if his profession binds him to the desk for the greater part of the day.

The sketch practically explains this exercise, but the following directions should be followed closely, to enable the progress made in suppleness to be measured.

Take a stick about three feet in length, and grasp it by the ends, holding it down in front of the thighs. Now, without bending the elbows, pass it up horizontally over the head, and down behind the back. Return and repeat.

As you gain in suppleness, you will be able to bring the hands nearer the centre of the stick, and in order to get an idea of your progress, you may cut a small notch in it to mark the decrease in distance between your grips.

The chest must be lifted and inflated every time the stick is brought above the head.



A tightness will be felt in the intercostal (between rib) muscles, and probably in the pectoralis major (great muscles of the chest); and these muscles should be massaged and loosened with the finger tips, whenever the tightness is felt.

This exercise must not be forced. *Coax* the muscles into a condition of suppleness, and it will remain.

Other exercises are necessary for the development of the muscles that cover the chest, but as these exercises are antagonistic to suppleness, I am leaving them for a future article. *Get supple first.*

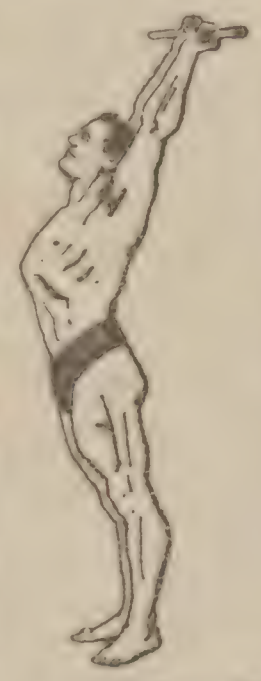
If you do the exercise a few times morning and evening, it will be enough.

BREATHING.

Much has been said in favour of deep breathing as an exercise.

Any form of prolonged and violent exercise will induce quickened respiration, the blood demanding an extra supply of oxygen.

The man with great lung capacity, will naturally not get out of breath as easily as another man. To possess big supple lungs is therefore very desirable; and the daily use of the lungs to their fullest capacity is to be recommended; but the habit of deep-breathing, as an exercise, is as useless as eating when your stomach is full.



A splendid exercise for bringing out the chest.

This forced breathing will frequently cause dizziness, which, without going into technicalities, proves that it cannot be good. Fill the lungs to their full capacity upon rising and before retiring. The correct method is as follows.

Stand before an open window, and exhale thoroughly. To deflate the lungs completely the abdomen must be pressed in with the hands, and the chest contracted and flattened to the utmost. Now gradually assume an upright position, meanwhile allowing the air to filter slowly through the nostrils. Fill the abdomen before lifting the chest. If this is correctly performed three times morning and night, it will be quite sufficient.

SKIPPING.

Skipping is also a valuable exercise, though very little practised. If it were more popular among adults, there would be less corpulence, indigestion, and constipation in the world.

Skipping is unpopular on account of its strenuousness, and because it is not properly understood, it being at once the most elastic of exercises, useful to the sufferer and athlete alike.

This exercise is of sufficient importance to require more than passing explanation, and therefore, in the near future, I shall devote an article to giving an insight into skipping, in which I shall deal with the different styles used for various purposes.

While on the subject, however, I well remember Apollo, "The Scottish Hercules," doing 5,000 skips without a miss, in a trifle over sixty minutes.

The performance was at that time looked upon as a record, and I think it a splendid feat for a man on the shady side of forty. He was using a very simple step, and could have kept on almost indefinitely, but nobody cared to take up the bet that he would exceed 10,000.

Skipping not only strengthens the muscles but also makes them supple.

TRAINING EXPERIENCES.

Many interesting and amusing experiences fall to the lot of the trainer, and mine has not been an exception.

The following story has already been told, though not correctly.

It was at the Apollo-Saldo Academy, Great Newport Street, and some of the world's greatest boxers were training, one afternoon. A prospective pupil arrived on the scene, a very groggy old chap, feeble on his feet, and of a peevish disposition.

Two boxers, who were engaged in a very fast bout, seemed to rouse his ire. Calling upon them to stop, he proceeded to explain several knotty points to the smaller man, who was profuse in his thanks.

Then the old gentleman, crossing to Apollo, remarked, "That chap's a little genius, and will make headway, because he doesn't mind being told. I should like to know him better. What's his name?"

"Packy McFarland," was the unexpected reply.

On another occasion, a famous French boxer was training in the same place, and dashing in one afternoon, desired practice with a relay of three or four men.

The first he took on, however, a thin, sickly-looking chap, met his rushes with such a

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This book gives you the theories of our world-famous system of Physical Culture by which it is possible to reach the highest degree of **physical perfection** within a very short time. No apparatus is used, yet the exercises are "free movements"; more resistance is given to the body than is possible by lifting the heaviest of weights.

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J. JACKSON ROBINSON, Physical Culture Specialist,
(Dept. M), 18, CHELTENHAM AVENUE, LIVERPOOL.

fully straight left, that the Frenchman ... to retire. Sitting down beside ... Musical), who was a spectator, he rue... remarked, "I wonder where that chap ... punch from?"

"From me," said Charlie. "He's my son."

DEBATING SECTION.

[*This section is open to our readers for the discussion of all matters affecting the science of Physical Culture.*]

WHO IS THE STRONGEST MAN IN THE WORLD?

H. E. Broom, of Hull, holder of the World's ... Bent-Press Record, writes: From time ... different men have claimed the title ... the strongest man in the world. What right, for instance, has Arthur Saxon ... claim that title, because he holds a world's ... at one particular lift—*i.e.*, the bent-

I have just as much right to claim that I ... the strongest junior in the world, because I hold the junior record at that lift. ... any opinion, one lift can be made to ...itute a true test, but that certainly ...not be the bent-press, as too much science ...n be brought to bear in this lift. Lifters will never agree upon the subject, ...is with a few exceptions they want their own ...lift to be the representative feat. Personally, I think expert views upon this ...er would be well received by the public, ...who have been imposed upon in no little ...gree by the "swank" of music-hall strong ...n.

PHYSICAL WRECKS.

W. S. Quantrell, 169, Castlenau, Barnes, ...writes: It pains me to see so many physical ...wrecks walking about the streets of London; ...and what makes it very difficult to understand ...is the fact that the great majority of these ...people are well dressed and evidently well-to-do.

Whenever opportunity occurs, I ask these ...people why they do not go in for physical ...culture, or take at least as much interest in ...their physical well-being as they do in their ... The answer almost invariably is, "I ... for that sort of thing."

... it be possible that such people possess ...telligence? They have only one body, and ...What is sacrificed for the pleasures of the ...moment. Did ...

... foolish people but know that ... the sweets of life, which only in ... enjoyment belong to the robust ... they would probably spend thirty ... of twenty-four hours in caring ... temple of the soul."

... suggest a means whereby ...people can be brought to a knowledge ...folly?

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

W. H. (Hull).—Don thick underclothes, and ...up for ten to fifteen minutes every evening. ...When copious perspiration has been induced, ...rub the legs severely, beginning at the ... and working upwards. Finish with ... sponge down.

T. S. (Edinburgh).—Better drop coffee and ...tobacco, as well as all alcoholic liquors till the ...race is over.

E. H. G. (Birmingham).—You should consult ...a local doctor; a small bone may be frac...tured.

"BELFAST."—You are training too much. ...Smoking is injurious while the stomach is in ...that condition. Take a rest from violent ...exercise for a few weeks, and take liquid ...foods of a highly nutritive value. The milk ...should be all right. If no improvement is shown in a reasonable time, consult a ...specialist.

ARE YOU AN ATHLETE?

and if so,

have you not times out of number wished for a little more speed, a little more stamina, a feeling of greater fitness?

THEN YOU SHOULD STUDY OUR SYSTEM of PHYSICAL CULTURE

The man who goes through a Course of **INDIVIDUAL** tuition under our care, has not to train for an event. **HE IS ALWAYS IN TRAINING!!!**

Whether you be a **RUNNER, JUMPER, FOOTBALLER,** or only a dabbler in Athletics, you **CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS THIS SYSTEM!!!**

If you aspire to be a champion, **WE WILL MAKE YOU ONE.**

If you are a champion, **WE WILL MAKE YOU A CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS!!!**

If you are only trying to keep **FIT** to fight the Battle of Life, we will show you the simplest way to accomplish this.

We have **PERFECTED** our **SYSTEM,** and do not want to bring out new ones from time to time, just to get your money.

ARE YOU A SUFFERER FROM INDIGESTION, DEBILITY, CONSTIPATION?

If so, we can **CURE** you.

A Course with us will fill your veins with pure, manly, and vigorous blood, capable of withstanding the ravages of infection, and of routing the poisons out of your System, and of bringing you to the heritage of health and enjoyment that is by every right yours.

WHY have We had more success in the treatment of Constipation than any other Physical Culture Experts?

BECAUSE we go right to the root of the matter at once, and because we do not allow our Pupils to take drugs; thereby giving **NATURE** a chance.

We strengthen the muscles of the abdominal region, and through teaching you how to control the voluntary muscles, give you power over the involuntary muscles.

Nature should be allowed to take her own course, but when the intestinal powers have become debilitated from whatever cause, and especially where medicine has become a necessity; some Exercises, which **ARE** exercises, and not merely mechanical movements, are necessary to assist Nature to re-establish her powers.

We have discovered exercises capable of curing the most chronic cases in a few days, after they have been correctly mastered.

This news should come as a shaft of light into many a life, whose days have become burdensome, and to whom the delights of living have been denied on account of this distressing ailment.

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Send also for our Famous Book, "How to Become a Great Athlete," 1s. 1½d., post free.

Remember, our methods are Nature's methods, demanding complete control of the muscles.

"TATTERSALL'S."

FACTS ABOUT THE "HIGH-CHANGE OF HORSEFLESH."

"Number seventy-five, gentlemen. Bee's Wing, by Bumble, dam, Swinger, a chestnut yearling colt. Sire won several important races, including the Loamshire Plate in 1906, and the dam has many minor handicaps to her credit. What shall we say for Bee's Wing to start? Five hundred guineas? Five hundred guineas offered for Bee's Wing. Five hundred and twenty? Thirty? Forty? Five hundred and forty guineas. . . . Are you all there, gentlemen? Five hundred and fifty? Seventy? Eighty? Six hundred? Any advance on six hundred? Are you all there, gentlemen? . . . For the last time, any advance on six hundred guineas? . . .! (Bang.)

The hammer, in reality a little black wand with a knob on the end, is brought down by the dapper auctioneer with a sounding thwack on the rostrum that stands in the extreme right-hand corner of Tattersall's famous enclosure in the Brompton Road, Knightsbridge, London. Bee's Wing has been sold for six hundred guineas.

There is perhaps hardly a more interesting scene, bar actual racing, to the lover of thoroughbred horseflesh than the yearling sales which take place periodically at "Tatt.'s" between the Newmarket July meeting and the Doncaster St. Leger.

All sorts and conditions of men—and women—are to be seen there, famous owners and trainers mingling in the yard with stablemen, and inquisitive people who have drifted in to see what was going on.

If you are there to buy you need a good eye, too, for a large number of unscrupulous people, who breed solely for sale purposes, will send up a lot of yearlings so packed with fat that it is difficult to look into their real shape and points.

A good story is told of a famous trainer who, at one of the sales, inaugurated a phrase which is now a catchword on every course in the kingdom.

He was standing close to a powerfully-built, but gross yearling, whose legs his practised eye observed to be too weak for so big an animal. The breeder happened to be close by, and observed,

"Beautiful colt, that. Why you could play billiards on his back."

The trainer looked at him critically, and replied, "Perhaps so, but I don't like playing on a billiard-table that has got three legs and a swinger!"

"Tattersall's" is a more ancient institution than most people would imagine. It was established in 1766 close to Hyde Park Corner, and on the expiration of the lease of that ground, the new premises, so well known to the racing world, were built in the Brompton Road and opened for business on the 10th of April, 1865.

With regard to betting, Tattersall's had an exciting time in 1897, when in the law suits of Hawke v. Dunn and McInaney v. Hildreth, Mr. Justice Hawkins (afterwards Baron Brampton) and five other judges decided that bookmaking and betting in Tattersall's Ring and similarly enclosed places were illegal in accordance with the Betting Act of 1853.

Two years later, however, on a similar judgment being delivered in Powell v. The Kempton Park Racecourse Company, the decision was reversed by the Court of Appeal, which appeal was sustained by the House of Lords.

To be "posted" at Tattersall's is the worst fate that could befall a professional betting man, for it is only inflicted as a result of crooked dealing. GEO. YOUNG.

Insects I Have Met

"CHINSTRAP" RECALLS CERTAIN ENCOUNTERS WITH THE ENEMY.

If an untravelled Briton gets bitten by a mosquito or a gnat during these summer months he raises a song about it, while a fly in the soup at a first-class club means a committee meeting, and the disembowelment of the secretary, chef, and head waiter.

I should like to take some of these thin-skinned Sybarites to "furrin parts," where insect life abounds, and Job would probably be reduced to tearing his hair out in large handfuls.

I daresay some of you fellows are occasionally guilty of saying, "Well, I'm jiggered," or of asserting that you will be "jiggered" if you will do this or that, but I doubt whether you know what you mean.

Some say that the expression refers to the use of the "rest" or "jigger" at billiards, as you are usually in a rather awkward position when you have to use this implement, but I am tolerably confident that it comes from the West Indies.

THE JIGGER.

If a West Indian is aroused in the middle of the night by an earthquake or other alarm he gets up quick, but the first thing he does is to slip his feet into his shoes. He wouldn't walk across the wooden flooring of his house barefoot were a hundred earthquakes raging, for in the wooden boards lives the jigger, a minute burrowing insect, and if you get one in your foot you will know all about it.

Not at first. It may be weeks before you awake to the fact that you have been harbouring a jigger unawares.

Meanwhile he has been tunnelling inside your foot, has excavated a roomy residence, married, and is teaching his children golf and the pianoforte.

Then you become painfully aware of his presence, and are anxious to get rid of him, but it will take a surgeon and a whole caseful of instruments to evict him.

I saw a jigger and family removed from a man's foot, and the hole left would have comfortably held a small orange.

TICKS AND ANTS.

Then there are the ticks. Step off the dusty main road into the grass or bushes and you will be covered with billions and billions of minute insects ranging in size from a split pea to a grain of pepper. Ticks burrow into the skin and produce painful sores. Most horses and cattle in Jamaica are lop-eared or earless, ticks having slowly eaten away their ears.

Winged ants add greatly to the pleasures of dinner in the West Indies. Attracted by the light, they come in swarms, and, their wings dropping off, they cover you and everything eatable an inch thick.

I am not sure, however, that they are so bad as the common or garden house-flies in Bechuanaland.

When we had soup there we used to keep another plate over the soup plate, only raising it quickly to snatch a mouthful, otherwise the flies would have emptied the plate before you could say "Knife!"

I have met a good many kinds of ants, including the warrior ant, which has claws like a lobster, and a small army of which will soon eat a man up.

African savages have a merry way of dealing with a captured enemy. They peg him down alive near a warrior ant heap, and then lay a trail of honey from the heap to the victim's mouth. In a few hours nothing will be left of him but his bones.

Up in Rhodesia there is a big black ant which looks very formidable, so much so that your natural instinct is to put your heel on him. If you do, then even the wide, wide veldt won't be big enough to contain you and the appalling stink he emits.

Hence they are known as "stink ants," and I remember there was a deuce of a rumpus at the Buluwayo Club when some miscreant let loose a boxful of them in the ball-room when we were having a dance.

MIDNIGHT VISITORS.

At Wynberg, Capetown, the barracks were built of wood, and were infested with bugs—sorry to use such a vulgar word, but can't think of any other name for them. They were big, brown creatures about a third of an inch long.

If you put your bed against the wall, they came out of the wainscoting during the night and fed on you till they dropped off gorged with blood. Then you would turn in your sleep and roll on them and squash them, and in the morning think you had burst a blood-vessel and were bleeding to death.

The only thing to be done was to place your bed in the middle of the room and to "insulate" the legs in tumblers half full of water.

The glass usually defeated the enemy, but sometimes he would manage to reach the top and fall into the water, when you would be awakened by the strains of "A Life on the Ocean Wave," or "They All Love Jack" proceeding from beneath you.

Wynberg barracks were also infested with tarantulas—horrible, black hairy beasts, with red mouths. You would often wake up in the morning to find a tarantula looking at you from the ceiling just above your head. You needed no warning parade bugle to get you out of bed then.

There were also puff-adders, through these are scarcely insects. They are particularly dangerous because, unlike most snakes, they don't get out of your way, but lie there for all the world like a piece of dead wood until you tread on them, when they strike like lightning, and their bite is usually fatal.

THE FER-DE-LANCE.

Another snake that is not only not afraid of man, but will follow and attack him, is the fer-de-lance of St. Lucia in the West Indies.

He considers himself disturbed if anyone comes between him and the wind, and will then follow and stalk the intruder for miles. His bite means a quick and anything but painless death.

Scorpions are nasty beasts. Their sting will sometimes kill an unhealthy man, and even a healthy man may lose a leg through forgetting to turn his boots upside down before putting them on, for they have a great affection for boots, particularly Jack boots.

I well remember pulling on a polo boot one day when something sharp ran into my foot. "Scorp!" I yelled, kicked off the boot, and started for the mess, shouting for old brandy, of which I drank about a quart neat. But I need not have been alarmed—it was only a spur which my fool of a servant had put in the boot to keep it from rusting.

I have met mosquitos with stings the size of a bayonet; fourteen-inch long poisonous centipedes, which were very fond of coming to bed with you; hornets which made as much noise as an aeroplane motor, and a variety of other noxious, poisonous, exasperating insects. And all for a trifle over five bob a day.

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HOLIDAY MONEY.

MAKING IT LAST.

It is a very pleasant feeling to find oneself in the train, with a heap of change in one's pocket, and a feeling that the next fortnight is going to be one of entire freedom from the task of taking thought for the morrow.

There is a weight of silver in one pocket, a refined clink of sovereigns and half-sovereigns in a waistcoat pocket, and a rattle of loose pence somewhere else.

You have, in short, drawn your holiday money.

The tragedy of this is so often that the holiday lasts so much longer than the money, unless some arrangement is made whereby it is properly divided among the holiday weeks.

When seven or eight pounds are jingling in the pocket one is apt to forget the flight of a week or two. A vague feeling that all is well leads to a free spending right from the start, and before one week is gone the matter of ways and means for the rest of the time becomes a serious problem.

If possible, it should be the aim of every holiday-maker to curtail his expenditure during the early part of a holiday, and, if it must be, "let himself go" towards the latter end, when he can better appreciate the requirements of the return home and the settlement of bills.

It is not a bad plan to pay at the beginning for the entire cost of the diggings—provided that they are up to expectations and what you require. This relieves one of a great deal of anxiety and leaves one with a definite idea of what is left.

Care of this sort prevents that miserable result of a holiday known as getting home with your last halfpenny.

W. M.

DISTANCE RUNNING.

A STRAIGHT TALK WITH THE NOVICE.

A high action is good in distance running, but of course, it is bad when exaggerated. George used to bring his knees up almost at right angles to his body, and so long as the right leg is not exceeded you are on the safe side.

Beware, however, of a high action which makes you let the head and body slope backwards, for this is a fatal fault. Beware, too, of allowing the feet to turn outwards, for, subject to the customary variations, the best distance runners move with their feet turned *in*, if anything. Training is largely a matter of running moderate distances, with one of the full course, and plenty of walking. Indeed, "run and walk on alternate days" is a good motto for the man who aspires to honours as a long-distance runner.

Running to time is most important. Say your distance is four miles and that to have a chance you must do it in 20 minutes, which, of course, is very good going, but I am only giving a simple example. The way *not* to do it is to go the whole way with the idea of making sure anyway that you can run four miles at some old pace or other, afterwards trying to cut down your time to 20 minutes.

The proper way is to begin by trying to do, say, half a mile at the rate of a mile in five minutes, then a mile, gradually lengthening the distance until you are confident of being able to stay, say, three miles at that rate.

Of course, in actual distance racing every mile cannot run at the same pace, there must be an easy place somewhere, but you will be able to spurt when required if you begin by making sure of your ability to cover two-thirds of the distance accordingly, while running well within your

"Breaking Ground."

AN IMPORTANT DEPARTMENT OF BOXING.

Ease and agility of movement in circling round about the ring—in other words, sparring for an opening—is one of the greatest criterions of a good boxer.

The man who, in getting past the corners, the most dangerous places possible when you are fighting a quick-footed opponent, slips, stumbles, or crosses his legs, thus inviting a punch which will knock him off them, is obviously a poor exponent of the art.

On the other hand, if you "break ground" well and easily without instruction, it is a sure sign that you are a born boxer.

It is always best to break ground to the right. In so doing you get yourself as far as possible out of the way of the other man's right hand, and there is less likelihood of your crossing your feet.

To break ground to the right, you should step about twelve inches to the right with your right foot and bring your left quickly up and into its relative position again.

But perhaps the most ticklish branch of breaking ground is the quick jump back off both feet. This is often necessary when in danger of being cornered or rallied.

In doing this, you should be most careful to alight after the backward spring in just the same position as when you started it. Otherwise you will lose your balance and prove an easy prey to a hard punch. Thus the jump back should be sedulously practised.

DON'T BE TRAPPED.

HOW TO FOIL THE "CAUGHT YOU!" FIEND.

In these hurrying days of modern commerce it is given only to a very few men to become thoroughly cognisant with more than one sport.

Consequently, there are a good many clever wags—who probably never did any sport at all in their lives—who fag a lot of bare facts out of books about almost every game under the sun, and then try to catch the unwary man who is not acquainted with those particular branches of sport.

For instance, if some genius asks you—who are perhaps not a racing man—how many times the Derby has been won more than once by the same horse, treat him with silent contempt. He knows, but thinks you don't, that the Derby is a race for three-year-olds only.

If another member of the brainy brigade inquires what sort of worm you generally use when fishing for salmon, answer quietly that you believe in a worm something like himself. You might add that he is a worm, although he seems to think himself very "fly" indeed.

If a man tries to find out if you know that you row with one blade and scull with two, by asking you the difference between an oar and a scull, tell him there is none between the former and his skull, as both are wooden.

In the same way, if a wag inquires what sort of bullet you use for pheasants, you might not inaptly reply that the cartridge to use ought to be shot, and that in your opinion the person who asked the question ought to be the same.

TIRED HAIR.

At this season of the year thousands of people find their hair getting thinner. Why is this? In most cases the reason is simple enough; it is tired. More than that, it is usually starved, even when assiduously groomed. The surest means of retaining hair till the end of life is the regular use of a really good hair lotion, such as

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HOW TO TELL CONFIDENCE TRICKSTERS

INTENDED CHIEFLY FOR VISITORS TO LONDON.

Englishmen have the reputation of being extremely reserved with strangers. Indeed this reserve, which is so strong a national characteristic, is one of the chief complaints that Continental nations bring against England. We are always on our dignity and never willing to make common cause with strangers.

Without an introduction we do not speak to strangers, and if spoken to without similar previous formality, we are apt to resent it.

All this is granted. We are reserved. We do not like to be spoken to by people to whom we have not been introduced. We are apt to consider the person who opens a conversation with us as something of a bounder or a bore, or a subtle combination of both. We are self-contained, unsociable, very suspicious of strangers, and very difficult to get on with unless everything in the way of the introduction is in order.

But there is another side to the Englishman's character, and on this side he is most vulnerable.

OFF HIS GUARD.

Once let an Englishman be thrown off his national guard of suspicion and love of social convention, and he is as amiable, companionable, as open-handed and as confidential as any other human being in the whole world.

From the one extreme of suspicion an Englishman will, in the goodness of his heart and the simple openness of his nature fly to the opposite extreme of intimacy. He is easily influenced when once his race prejudice has been broken down.

It is this latter characteristic that so often makes the Englishman the easy victim of the confidence trick swindler.

During the summer months when so many Colonial and Provincial visitors come to London, the confidence trickster is more than ever active and industrious. Already many hundreds of pounds have been cheerfully handed over by unsuspecting Englishmen to rogues who have succeeded not only in ingratiating themselves with their victims, but in doing so in a way that it would appear ungrateful, ill-mannered, and ungenerous of the victim were he to refuse the affable stranger anything he cared to ask.

RUDE TO REFUSE.

It is easy to refuse the request of a man with whom one is at cross-purposes, but to refuse any request by a scratch acquaintance who has made himself into a companion and who has been such a thoroughly good fellow in everything—as confidence swindlers pretend to be—is quite another matter.

Having admitted a man to a certain degree of friendship, the Englishman is not the sort to stop half-way and to show his new friend that he suspects him. It is this knowledge of the Englishman's strong and weak points that are so skilfully used by the swindler.

If, therefore, any Englishman would avoid the unpleasant necessity of suddenly showing a new acquaintance that he suspects him, let him study prevention rather than cure.

Avoid the casual stranger at all costs, is the advice of one who has studied the ways of the swindler. However curious the coincidence that brings him within speaking distance, have nothing to do with him. Once in a lifetime you may offend one who had genuine excuses for making your acquaintance, but in the majority of cases the stranger whom you shake off, after he has endeavoured to get on good terms with you, is not doing it for the sake of your health.

This first meeting, when the ice is broken, will often be skilfully planned. This should at once arouse the suspicion of the intended victim. It should never be forgotten that a swindler will always find out a good deal concerning his intended victim.

If the stranger skilfully brings the conversation round to topics in which you are keenly interested, you may at once guess that this was no more coincidence than the rest of his doings or sayings.

KNOWLEDGE IN COMMON.

He may let you know in an off-hand sort of fashion that he knows such-and-such a place or country. Ten to one it is the place or country you also know well. This again—if anything in the way of confirmation is needed—should at once strengthen and establish your suspicion.

But if all has hitherto gone smoothly, and you are still inclined to be friendly with the stranger, you need have no lingering doubts whatever as to the foul designs he has upon your money, if, as almost invariably happens, a second stranger comes—equally casually of course—upon the scene.

Such a concatenation of coincidences ought to be enough to set the veriest fool upon his guard. Indeed, if this second miraculous appearance does not produce a suspicion in your mind, you are by this time lost, and might as well hand over your riches with a good grace, and wait patiently till your "friends" return from sending off that [illegible] gram which one of them suddenly remembered *after* you had shown your unbounded confidence in them to the tune of all you possessed.

The appearance of the second man is usually followed by some tale concerning money—money which one of them has to throw about, to give away, or what not.

Your experience of a world in which hitherto, nobody has been in this happy position, should alone give you pause.

SHOWING YOUR CONFIDENCE.

Still, you may not even yet have had doubts raised. When, however, the time [illegible] for you to "show your confidence" by handing over hard cash or other easily negotiable equivalents, you had better take alarm. They are offending "friends" and cry off. They will not want a second intimation that you suspect them, but they will remember pressing engagements elsewhere.

It seems incredible that after so many thousands of trusting people have been swindled in exactly the same manner by exactly the same story, there should be any left who are still gullible. But the daily recurrence of these little incidents leaves no doubt that there are birds to be plucked in every street.

It may be very flattering to a man to think that he has made such a favourable impression on a stranger that that stranger is anxious to go sight-seeing with him. The acquaintance may be all the more attractive to a certain type of mind because of the strange coincidences that occur, but all these little things are the apparatus with which the swindler fixes his man and ultimately fleeces him.

It is as well to preserve that rule of never to talk to strangers or make with them on the strength of coincidences all of which are supplied by the other man.

In fact, the more confidence you have in a stranger the less confidence you ought to have in him. It is his business to trust you with confidence, and he never does so unless he wants to use that confidence for his own ends. Give every stranger a wide berth, and you will save your money.

G. FICKLING.

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YANKEE JOURNALISM.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN EDITOR.

Journalism in America is a peculiar thing. I do not allude to its more obvious features of lying, blackmail, swank, and unscrupulousness, but to the system under which every staff writer on a newspaper is his own editor. Here even a leader-writer or an "extra special" correspondent is liable to have his stuff cut down.

The Yankee journalist, on the other hand, when told off to do a "story" is given a free hand. He writes just as much as he thinks it is worth, and his "stuff" goes direct to the printers.

If he thinks his yarn is worth two columns, three columns it will get. But, of course, he has to "make good." His work seen in the cold, impartial light of print does not please the public then there is a vacancy for a reporter.

The system has its points. It gives a man with ideas and a style of his own a chance, whereas here the man of original views often is often edited and sub-edited to death.

The British newspaper is often an emasculated sheet, from which all colour, human interest, and originality have been carefully removed, whereas the American "rag," with all its offences against good taste and decent feeling, is a living, palpitating thing, simply because its writers are allowed to be themselves, not the thrice diluted extract of a dozen editorial minds.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

PRESSING CUSTOMERS.

One of the great problems of shopkeeping is the question as to what degree of pressure should be brought to bear upon a customer to induce him to purchase more than he originally intended.

A really good salesman will study a customer's [illegible] the article [illegible] in stock, but a really skilful salesman will induce a customer to spend more money than he intended to do when he entered the shop.

In London shops, where trade is a passing one, customers are not expected to come back a second time, the salesmen throw themselves out to press the customer to buy things that he does not want. They do not care how much they annoy their victim so long as they secure a sale. Such shops are, fortunately, exceptional, for most establishments depend to a large extent upon the custom of permanent customers.

The shopkeeper, therefore, regards it as a general rule that on no account should a customer be allowed to leave the shop. It is not necessary for the salesman to use force. A clever salesman will direct a customer's attention to the article he wishes to sell, and can induce him to buy it, sometimes without having suggested that he should do so.

Suppose a customer will go into a shop, for example, to purchase a pair of socks. The skilful salesman will study his needs in the most careful and painstaking manner. Even although the socks cost only a shilling he will turn out several dozen pairs of kinds, so that the customer may choose. The display of this sort prejudices the customer at once in the salesman's favour, and when this confidence has been established, the salesman will, perhaps, say, picking up a tie from a stand on the counter, "What do you think of the new style of ties, sir? For my part, I think they look rather smart." He hands the tie to the customer to examine, and in many cases he has the pleasure of wrapping up that tie along with the socks.

In some shops the salesmen are compelled by misguided employers to press things on every customer. This, from the customer's point of view, is a distinct annoyance, and in future he patronises some other establishment. Hairdressers are notorious sinners in the matter of pushing goods, the reason being that the assistants get a substantial commission on the bottles of lotion and other things that they succeed in selling to customers.

The hairdresser's assistant waits till the time comes for him to brush your hair. He then asks you what you will have on it, and you tell him to please himself. He puts on some of his lotion, and asks you whether you like the smell of it. In politeness you say you do. Then comes the inevitable statement that it is very good and costs only a shilling or four-and-six a bottle. If you don't buy it, he tries to press something else on you.

Other experiences of this kind you try with hairdressers, until you find one who does his work reasonably well and who does not annoy you by pressing upon you goods you do not want.

R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

FINANCE.

(In this column we place at the service of our readers the advice of our Financial Editor. It must be strictly understood, however, that we accept no responsibility for any opinions he may express. —EDITOR.)

BARGAIN HUNTING.

Stocks are dull all round, and surely prices are quite low enough now to satisfy the most exacting bargain hunter.

The investor need not have the slightest hesitation in averaging sound stocks in which he is interested, as, although prices may still go a little lower, the rebound must come sooner or later, and when it does come the movement ought to be a very decided one, considering the sold-out condition of the markets.

AMERICANS.

These seem to be the only stocks to show any resiliency, as when stocks in other markets keep drooping almost daily, Yankees bob up and down in quite a lively manner and show, in most cases, a rise on balance on the account.

HOME RAILS.

When the daily report in this market is "dull and lower," one begins to wonder what has become of the British investor.

With money "going a-begging" at 2 per cent., and the yield on most of the Railway Ordinary Stocks over 5 per cent., with considerable promise of increased dividends, buying, at anything like present prices, ought to be good and persistent; instead of which the market shows constant liquidation.

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL RAILS.

Readers in search of a good speculative counter ought to buy Trunk Thirds every time they are flat, and sell when a profit shows of, say, two points.

That the movement on balance on this stock will be upwards there is not the slightest doubt, and the operator will have many successful deals during the next few months, if he follows out the plan I have suggested.

Mexican Railway Second Preference Stock ought to be bought at present prices, as the full 6 per cent. dividend is now being earned, notwithstanding the reduced traffics caused by the revolution.

DULL MARKETS.

The share markets in rubber, oil and mines are dull with nothing doing worth reporting.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. B. (Shanklin).—Of your selection I prefer No. 3.

P. D. (Dublin).—I think you would be wise to secure your profit.

W. A. K. (Wrexham).—The concern you mention should be left severely alone.

"UNIVERSE" (Newcastle).—Keep your shares. Although the report does not come up to expectations, on intrinsic merits they are worth more than the present market quotation.

"BARON" (Manchester).—Quite good for a steady 4 per cent. yield, but small scope for capital appreciation.

M. W. (Harrogate).—No. The shares were quoted ex dividend on the day previous to your purchasing them.

H. S. (Newquay).—I think you will do well to average.

F. W. (Streatham).—I see no objection to the exchange. If anything the proposed purchase is rather of a better class as a permanent investment.

T. K. (Dundee).—Leave well alone, I do not see how you can improve the return without increased risk.

P. R. F. (Clapham).—The documents you forward are quite in order, and have been returned to you. You have no grounds for thinking you have been unfairly treated by the firm you mention.

T. N. (Penrith).—I should advise you to secure your profit now.

G. H. McP. (Glasgow).—Sell when there is any improvement.

"HELM" (Plymouth).—Your investments are good. Hold them for better prices.

A. J. (Northampton).—No. 2 of your selection is unquestionably the best.

THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

BELLE STEAMERS HOLIDAY SAILINGS.

THE "BELLE STEAMERS" ANNOUNCE SPECIAL SAILINGS FOR THE BANK HOLIDAY.

Boats will leave Fresh Wharf, London Bridge, 9.0 a.m. Friday, 4th August, for Southend, Clacton, and all stations to Yarmouth. Herne Bay, Margate and Ramsgate, in order to lighten the traffic on the following days.

Saloon Tickets only will be issued on Saturday and Sunday. On Saturday, 5th August, the whole fleet of seven steamers will be available for conveyance of passengers from Fresh Wharf at following times:

8. 0 a.m., Express to Clacton and Walton.
8.15 and 8.30, Express to Lowestoft, Gorleston and Yarmouth.
8.45, Express to Felixstowe.

The regular boats to Clacton, Walton, etc., Yarmouth, Margate and Ramsgate, will run as usual, calling at Greenwich, N. Woolwich and Tilbury.

The Husbands' Boat to Margate will leave Fresh Wharf at 2.0 p.m. calling at Tilbury for train in connection from Fenchurch Street at 2.53.

On Sunday, 6th August, Express Steamers will leave Fresh Wharf at 8.15 a.m. for Southend, Clacton, Walton, and at 8.30 to Lowestoft, Gorleston and Yarmouth. The regular Margate and Ramsgate Boat will run at 9.15 as usual.

On Monday, 7th August, a steamer will leave at 9.0 a.m. for Southend, Sheerness, Herne Bay and Margate. The regular steamers will leave at usual times—viz.:

9. 0 a.m., for Southend, Clacton, and Walton.
9.15 a.m., for Margate and Ramsgate.
9.30 a.m., for Felixstowe, Southwold, Lowestoft, Gorleston and Yarmouth.

The popular Afternoon Trip Round the Nore will be run on Bank Holiday Monday.

Full information from Head Office, BELLE HOUSE, FISH STREET HILL, LONDON, E.C.

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SELBY VERSUS THE VETERAN

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By ADAM STERN.

In one of the dirtiest streets of Moulden, Staffordshire, lived old Job Pearson and his daughter Emmie.

It was less a street than a patch of waste ground, with dilapidated cottages here and there, forming a straggling pathway between.

The cottages were older than Job—and he had passed his three score years—and, like him, they were bent towards the earth, blackened with long existence in the smoke-laden atmosphere; crazy, crumbling things, with their roofs and doorways all awry and their walls bellying out in places, due to the gradual subsiding of the ground.

But few were now inhabited, for it was no uncommon thing for one of such hovels to collapse unexpectedly into a heap of dirty bricks and decayed wood, sending up a cloud of dust as a last contribution to the surrounding ugliness of which it had always been a part.

Nobody took more than an idle interest in the occurrence, unless the hovel happened to be tenanted and some of the inmates were injured, when the local council bestirred themselves to pass a resolution that the whole street must be demolished, and promptly afterwards forgot all about it.

So the ruins remained, as likewise did Job, who had his little chain-making forge adjoining his cottage, a wooden shed where he had earned his livelihood for the whole of his working days.

Tinkle-tap, tink-tink-thud, the bellows breathing sparks coming out from the improvised chimney, a length of chain trailing away from the pincers held in his left hand, a hammer in his right, his foot in the stirrup to work the "tommying" hammer for thumping the white-hot bar into the semblance of a link—that was Job Pearson as known to Moulden, and, it might be added, as known to himself.

That had been his life for forty years, year in year out, while children were born to him and children died, and those that survived grew up—three girls, two of whom were married and living in the town, mothers of chain-makers themselves, and the other, Emmie, the youngest, who yet was left to him.

His wife was dead, too; had died in giving birth to Emmie, who was now twenty-one.

Emmie was a nail-maker at a forge close by, working from six till six. But she always got Job a cup of tea before she went out in the morning, and hurried back in the half-hour allowed for breakfast to prepare his meal and to get a bite herself, and did the same at dinner-time, and at night-time busied herself with making the cottage as pleasant as might be, combining housewife and chief provider of their sustenance in one.

For of late Job had had little to do. He was an out-worker, and the introduction of machinery into the trade had diminished the demand for chain produced by the old-time methods almost to vanishing point.

The works which had been wont to give him employment were either closed down or they had barely enough orders to keep their regular workpeople engaged.

Job trudged round the town morning after morning to the various forges, a toil-bitten, stern old man with shaggy grey hair and bowed shoulders, asking the familar question: "Anythin' turned up?"

And when he got the negative answer he trudged away again, his face hard and expressionless as iron itself.

Periods of slackness were a common thing in the trade, but aforetime on such occasions he had occupied himself with making stock sizes which would readily sell as soon as trade had a spurt.

But to do this he must have bar-iron. When orders were given out it was the custom to supply the requisite bar-iron with them; but stock must be made with material bought with one's own money.

And just now Job had no money. His forge was idle, the coke cold. When he had finished the fruitless daily round there was nothing to do but sit in the house, or wander about the empty-smelling shed, picking up the tools and handling them.

Thud, tink-tink-tap. Tink, tap-tap.

Sometimes he heard the sounds, heard the breathing of the bellows, the roar of the fire, felt the heat on his arms and hands and sweat on his neck.

Sometimes he stood by the rusting anvil, fingering his hammer, tinkling, tapping on nothing, drawing down the bellows, making-believe he was at work.

But when dust instead of sparks came out from the coke his lips tightened, and he stood with glittering eyes darting hither and thither, like something at bay.

Once, in a frenzy of impotence, he got into the old position, with the pincers held in place, and clanged down the heavy hammer with his foot again and again and again....

And his daughter saw him. It was in the evening, and, returning from work, she heard him and hurried to enter the shed, surprised and delighted that he had got something to do at last.

"Oh, feyther!" she cried pityingly.

He turned upon her, his features distorted, and, after endeavouring to speak, sent his bony hands shuddering above his head.

"What's the good o' taking on like this?" she pleaded.

"Good? There ain't no good left."

"Perhaps someat'll turn up to-morrow."

"Never. Never again, my lass."

"Feyther"—she repeated an entreaty she had made many times before—"why don't yo' try to get someat at Richard Selby's? With yo'r experience——"

"And work at a machine? Me!"

"Th' owd-fashioned ways are dead, and——"

"They ain't dead," said Job, "as long as I'm alive." And he glared with glittering eyes at his daughter.

"I hate these new-fangled methods," he said, working-lipped and terrible. "This weldin' machinery don't make chain. It makes chitlings. Think I'd lend to that? Me! No, I'd die fust."

It was the stubborn rebellion of the primitive against the progressive, the hatred of the old school for the new.

Job jerked a hand towards the [forge]. "See that?" he said. "That's [done] me for forty year, and it'll [do] now—or nothin'. Why, time past—"

He swung up his hammer and [brought] down with a resounding clang on the [anvil].

"Time past," he said.

He looked slowly round the shed, [light] dimming.

"Time past," he muttered. . . .

He let the hammer fall, and with [lowered] head, his shoulders more bowed than [before], he stumbled out of the forge.

II.

"Hullo! What's this?"

The man who had been coming [down] dark street at a rapid pace stopped [short] stride and uttered the exclamation [of] surprise.

There was a little window in Job [Pearson's] shed, and he had caught a glimpse of the interior as he passed.

He took a couple of steps [backward] looked through.

The forge was aglow. *Thud, tink-tink. Tink, tap-tap-tap, tink.*

For a few moments he watched.

"No good at all," he said [mentally]. "What's it mean?"

Evidently a man of quick [decisions], he waited no longer, but went through the gate, and striding round to the [back] shed, entered.

"Well, Emmie?"

"Lor, it's yo'!" Emmie drew [in] breath with astonishment. "How yo' [startled] me!"

"Since when have you taken to [night] making? In the middle of the night [too] times!"

"Feyther's bad."

"What's the matter with him?"

"He's in bed. Oh, I've [been] state about him. He's had no work [to do] and it seems to ha' quite broke [him]. Then Monday Baxter's sent him an order for half a ton o' three-quarter-inch short link, and he set about it quite cheerful—then—then he found he couldn't do it. He was in here [all] all day—and when I came home——"

"The work not up to what he [used] ought to be, eh?"

"His strength failed him or [something] ain't what it was—but oh! he took it [so] to heart. Said he was done—broke up—and got him to bed—and——"

"Told him you'd do it yourself," [said] be better in a day or two," said Selby, with his curt understanding.

"Baxter's wanted the stuff certain [by] the end o' the week, and he said [if] disappointed 'em they'd think he [couldn't] be relied on for the future."

"Ah! How much is done?"

"Not more'n four hundredweight."

"This it?" He picked up a [length] chain from a heap and ran his eye [quickly] over it. "Won't do?" he said.

She nodded slightly. Her face [was] beneath the grime, and there were [dark] round the eyes betokening want of [sleep].

"I knowed it all along, but I [couldn't] it," she said.

"And to-day's Thursday, and [it's] twelve o'clock; that leaves two nights," said the words abruptly, but in the [glow] the fire she could see that he was looking at her. "You're first-rate at nail-making, Emmie, I'll bet, but chain-making's [not] forte."

"I know," she said, and despite [himself] the injection of his good humour caused [him] to smile a little in return. "Though as I could turn out the 12 gauge all right."

"M—m," said Richard; and he took off [his] coat and tossed it into a corner.

Emmie locked her hands together [suddenly].

"Yo're going to do it? *Oh!*" she said.

"Right, first time," said Richard; "but for the Lord's sake stow that snivelling."

better.

go into the house and get a sleep where downstairs. Not upstairs; Job hear you. The bar-iron to make up for stuff you've wasted I'll bring with me night. Yes, I'm going to *finish* the I've started on it—it'll take me a nights. What about my wife? She's visiting friends. Shut up now, and out. I'll knock you up about half-past if you're not stirring."

the rod of iron into the fire. down the bellows, and raked the coke with dexterous movements. Then, he strode to the window and stuffed into the aperture, shutting out observ- from outside.

ile doing this he noticed that Emmie not gone.

"What's up now?" he asked her bluntly.

"I was only crying a bit," she said, at him shakily. "Yo're the best man Baldon, Richard Selby."

"Barring the special one."

"Not even barring him."

"You women!" said Richard.

* * * * * *

Less than an hour afterwards, though to Richard it seemed only a few minutes, she came back, silent-footed and breathless.

"He's getting up," she whispered.

"Your father?"

"Yes."

"Damn!" said Richard.

"He'll be in an awful state if he finds you here; I think he's coming down. S-sh! do please get away afore he sees you. He hates you, Richard."

"?" said Richard. "Who's go- do the work if I don't?"

"Please," she entreated, and attempted to the hammer from him. "S-sh! he's coming. What shall we do?"

Richard answered the question by turning the chain-block again. He recommenced not even lifting his head when a figure in the doorway.

Pearson, fully dressed, old and gnarled, his lips tightened into a grim line, eyes glittering beneath bushy brows, stood looking upon the scene.

"G——, it's yo', Richard Selby!" he

was no answer. Richard, indeed, red not to hear him.

"Stand aside," snarled the old man, as, slowly in, his daughter stepped for- him, laying her hand on his thrust her away. "Get thee to and walked on till he stood Richard, where the fire from the red on his face.

oath burst from his lips.

!" he said. "Me receivin' charity hands o' Richard Selby!"

all over with passion, watch- busy head of the dark, cool man the slightest attention to his

down that hammer," he hissed.

drew a white-hot rod of iron from coke, cut it off at the required *thud*—with one blow it was bent With a deft twist he threaded *tap, tap, tap*—the ends were *tink, tink, tap. Thud.* The link

the music of the metal. Skill arresting to watch.

exquisite work, with such power in and wrists that the clumsy foot- tommying" hammer was hardly into requisition at all.

after link he made, with never a never an upward glance. And the watched him, enmity still hardening lips, but the light of reluctant admiration growing in his eyes.

"It's like this, you see, Job," said Richard presently, as though continuing a conversation, and he went on working, "three-quarter inch is a pretty toughish size for anybody who ain't quite so fit and hearty as he was. I know lots o' men, not half your age, who can't do it—and never have done, some of 'em!

"I can do it, but then I'm one o' the best workers at the forge in Moulden. I never believe in being modest for the sake of it, Job. And you, it's well known, could make the same boast about yourself in your day. Then why let's quarrel? It's bad when one man can't come forward to help another, and worse if t'other chap won't let him.

"What's the shame in being a bit older than you were? If a younger chap's got the pull some ways, so've you in others. Hell to it, Job, you're surely not afraid of truth?"

"No, I ain't that," agreed Job Pearson, through his teeth.

"Then get back to half-inch. Face it that you worked twenty-five year before I even made a start; and reckon there's equality in all things. Nobody wants half-inch, you say? I want it, anything up to a ton a week, providing it's good. And that's no charity; it's sheer hard business."

"Why don't yo' put your blasted machines on to it?" growled Pearson. "Is it they ain't reliable enough? In that case I don't mind workin' for yer. . . . But that there three-quarter inch must be left alone, d'ye understand?"

"It'll be finished by me, Job," said Richard, unconcernedly. "You'll make no difference by trying to be cantankerous. As for my machines being unreliable, it's never been my contention that they turn out stuff equal to first-class men. But there's room at present for both."

He was silent for a moment.

"Going to stick there staring at me, or be sensible and go back to bed?" he said.

"I'm well enough," growled Pearson, though he shot a capitulating glance at his daughter.

"Well, argue it out with Emmie," said Richard, displaying impatience and resuming his work.

"Good-night, Richard," said Job at the door.

[*Another of these stories will appear shortly.*—EDITOR.]

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CUTTING YOUR NAILS.

It is a simple matter to cut the nails of your left hand, but most men find it difficult to cut those of their right hand evenly.

This is partly owing to the fact that scissors are not intended to be held in the left hand, and when so held the edges of the blades work apart instead of pressing close upon each other.

A little practice will, however, show you how to hold the scissors with the left hand in order to keep the edges of the blades pressing tightly upon one another.

The great secret is when cutting the nails of the right hand to do so with the butt end of the scissors blades. If you attempt to do so with the point of the scissors you will find it very hard.

A JOCKEY'S STYLE.

QUALITIES NEEDED FOR SUCCESS.

The great riding qualities that are requisite for the production of a good jockey are easily evident when it is considered that there are well over 3,000 racehorses running every year in England, and that they all have their own "boys," each of whom is capable of riding them after a fashion. But hardly one out of the whole number is considered good enough to ride his charge in an actual race.

The fact that out of such a multitude of "boys" only perhaps half-a-dozen, or at most a dozen, graduate into really great jockeys, is sufficient to illustrate my original point.

So many qualities go to make the crack rider. First of all, of course, comes a command of the tactics of racing, then a knowledge of nursing your mount, good hands, and a graceful, easy seat.

The latter, of course, is by no means essential, as is shown by the fact that George Fordham, a rider of whom a famous critic said that "his appreciation of the delicacies of his profession was simply phenomenal," was one of the most ungraceful riders that ever lined up on a racecourse.

As a rule, however, jockeys are very graceful riders.

Tom Cannon, on the other hand, combined a grace of seat that was out of the ordinary with every other quality that goes to make a good jockey. Describing his "hands" and his general treatment of his mounts, especially youngsters, a writer says that he was the "personification of gentleness . . . and would as soon hit a child as an anxious young two-year-old that was doing its best."

George Fordham was entirely with him in this respect; indeed it may be said to be a typical characteristic of English jockeyship.

American riders, on the other hand, are with few exceptions, apt to be overbearing with their mounts. In short they may be said to believe more in bullying than in coaxing a horse.

In justice to Danny Maher, however, it should be said that he is just as kind to his mounts as he is genial with his friends.

C. BIRCH.

THE OUTER MAN

A WEEKLY FEATURE.

Conducted by
CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

DOING WITHOUT A WAISTCOAT.

At the time of writing, owing to the hot weather, it is a common sight to see men in London walking about without their waistcoats.

In most cases this costume, though it may be cool, does not look particularly well, because the jacket is usually worn open and the ends of the braces are visible to all beholders.

There is something ugly about a pair of braces. If you are wearing no waistcoat, the right thing to keep your trousers up is, of course, a belt; but the trousers of a lounge suit are not cut in such a way as to be suitable for wearing with a belt because they come too high. With flannels it is different, for they are cut so that the top of the trousers will just be covered by the belt.

The best way out of the difficulty is, if you are dispensing with your waistcoat, to fasten the lowest button of your jacket. This will leave you just as cool, but will hide the unsightly trouser buttons and brace-ends.

THE TORN POCKET.

The majority of men keep their money in their right-hand trousers pocket. Pockets are not made of very strong stuff, and in a short time a hole is worn through.

The careful man has the pocket repaired or a new one put in, but the average man simply transfers his cash to his left-hand pocket, or to one of his vest pockets.

The result may be an uncomfortable accident, for, accustomed to putting his money into his right-hand trousers pocket, he may inadvertently drop it into the usual pocket and discover that it has trickled down the leg of his trousers and scattered itself upon the floor.

I am writing this because only the other day I had an accident of this kind. I was wearing an old pair of riding breeches which are very comfortable though ancient; I unearthed them because of the hot weather. When I was dressing I noticed that the right-hand pocket had a hole in it, and I therefore put my money into a waistcoat pocket.

Shortly afterwards I bought some tobacco, and, without thinking, thrust the change as usual into the right-hand pocket of my breeches. That money was not lost, but it found its way down to my knee-cap, and it could not be left there.

There were no other customers in the shop, so I sat myself upon a chair, put my heel on the counter, and allowed the money to trickle back till I could reach it with two fingers through the hole in the torn pocket.

I thought it might be worth while telling you of the experience as a warning, for the same thing might happen under circumstances when it would be impossible to recover the coins so easily.

You could scarcely go through a similar performance in the street, for example.

SLIGHT REPAIRS.

When, as occasionally happens, you require some slight alteration made to a suit, as, for example, the letting out of a waistcoat, necessitated by your increased chest measurement, it is always best to take the suit to the tailor who made it.

Possibly you have found that tailor unsatisfactory, and have since taken your custom to another, but however good the new man may be, he will not do the job well, because the suit was made by somebody else and he does not wish that suit to give you satisfaction.

The old tailor, on the other hand, even though it may have been a long time since you gave him an order, will do the job as well as he can in order to try and recover your custom, and for the same reason he will not overcharge you.

PADS.

I am sometimes surprised at the inquiries I receive from readers regarding matters of dress.

Here, for example, is one:

"Could you please tell me how to change the colour of a pair of light brown boots to that reddish shade which is now fashionable?"

It is new to me that a reddish shade of brown boot is more fashionable than light brown, but in any case it would be quite impossible for anybody but a shoemaker to change the colour of a pair of boots, although of course, it is quite easy to bring them to a darker shade of their original colour by applying plenty of polish.

This correspondent is setting up a criterion of fashion for himself, and appears to be quite unhappy because his boots are not reddish brown, while, as a matter of fact, they are just as fashionable as they are, if not more so.

Here is another:

"I should like to have a stripe of braid down the side of my trousers, but my friends tell me that this is not fashionable with a lounge suit. I like the idea, and should be glad if you would tell me whether I am wrong in having such a stripe."

I should think that a stripe of braid down the side of the trousers of a lounge suit would be not only unfashionable but funny, and I might suggest to this correspondent that he should have the front of the jacket decorated in a similar style to match.

A PENCIL POCKET.

A reader very kindly sends me a tip which he has found useful, and which I pass on.

It is to have the two topmost vest pockets made about five or six inches deep instead of the usual three. This enables you to stow away with comfort a fountain pen or a long pencil, or even a fair-sized notebook, or your cigarette-case.

It is very inconvenient to carry a long pencil in a jacket pocket, because it slips down into a horizontal position and makes the jacket set badly.

WEDDING ATTIRE.

I am constantly receiving inquiries as to the correct costume for a man to wear when he is getting married.

Much depends upon the character of the wedding.

If the bride is to be dressed in the conventional white bridal array, the bridegroom should wear a black or dark grey morning coat, a light vest, a light tie, a pair of fairly light grey cashmere trousers, patent leather or glacé kid boots, a silk hat, grey gloves and a wing collar.

He will also wear a buttonhole; this is frequently presented to him in advance by the bride.

A similar costume will be worn by the best man.

On the other hand, if the bride is to be married in her travelling dress the bridegroom will, of course, wear a lounge suit—grey, or navy blue, or whatever his fancy dictates.

RUBBED EYELETS.

Few things look worse than rubbed eyelets on a pair of black boots.

The eyelets are generally made of brass and covered with black enamel, but in time this enamel rubs off and the brass shows.

This spoils the appearance of black boots altogether, although it does not matter so much in the case of brown, and when this happens you should send the boots to a cobbler and get him to put in new eyelets. He will charge only a few pence.

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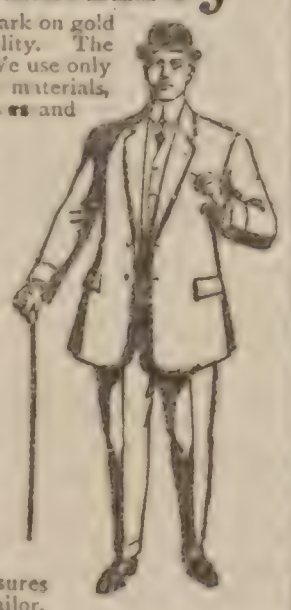

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STRETCHING A CAP.

It sometimes happens that you find yourself possessed of a cap which is in good condition but not quite comfortable because it is a little tight. It is quite easy to stretch it.

Lay the cap upside down on a table and place some magazines inside the rim, so as to form a complete lining. Stand them on end. Inside this funnel pack books, tables, and other suitable wedges, until you have the cap stretched evenly all round. Leave it thus for a night, and in the morning push in another wedge, and let it remain so for another day.

When you take out this packing you will find that the cap is stretched, without any of the sewing having been torn, and, what is more, the stretching has been done slowly and the cap will not contract again.

I recommend magazines because they are fairly stiff though flexible, but if you do not happen to have them handy, folded newspapers will do.

BLACK TIES.

The other day I happened to be wearing a black tie and also a black coat, and two people, on separate occasions, asked me very sympathetically whether the black tie had any meaning. It had not, but I resolved never again to wear a black tie with a black coat unless it did mean something.

Black ties with a black coat are certainly suggestive of mourning, but such is not the case when you are wearing one with a grey or coloured suit; and, in my opinion, a black tie looks very well indeed, particularly if the colour of your suit is fairly pronounced.

One of the neatest kinds of black tie is that which you can make from a yard and a quarter of military braid.

It costs only a few pence a yard, and it looks extremely well.

Be sure when buying to get braid that is at least three inches wide.

RED TIES.

Talking of ties, I might mention that a red tie goes splendidly with a grey suit; but red ties have unfortunately become the badge of a certain political creed, and are, therefore, best avoided unless one wants to be regarded as an adherent of that creed.

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WILLIAM'S SECRET

A RURAL SKETCH.

He is the village puzzle, is William; the type of man of whom one would say, with a knowing nod, "You never can tell."

For there is something you certainly never can tell about him, if you happen to be one of his fellow villagers.

Outwardly he has nothing alarmingly distinctive. He is a gardener, and is typical of his class. He has the brown arms, the broad long-fingered, hairy hands of one who is always very near to Mother Earth, and whose fingers are never far from a pot or a garden spade. Those fingers, too, have had a hand in many a miracle.

True it is only a secondary part he plays. He plants, tends, waters, rakes, digs, manures, and generally looks after the land of his master, but he cannot, of course, fathom or retard or accelerate the miracles of germination, growth, and fruitfulness.

To hear him talk you would think he had even these things in his hands.

But he does not concern his fellow-villagers in regard to these matters so deeply as he interests them with regard to his secret.

For the truth must be told—William has a secret. What is more, I happen to know it.

The villagers do not, and their speculations are as varied and as wide of the mark as they could possibly be.

The possession of a secret gives William a sort of atmosphere of mystery.

"He's a deep 'un," say some, who may have been worsted in a deal with him over cabbage plants or roses.

Others, who have no personal feeling in the matter and can be trusted to speak with unbiassed tongue—so far as one villager can be said to speak of another without bias—let drop grave hints that William "has something on his mind."

This may be translated, according to your mood, as having reference either to a murder, an early love affair, or some internal complaint.

In any case William has a mystery. If it were solved the village would be a deadly dull place. It would lose its prime factor of interest and speculation.

William's wages are known far and wide to be fifteen shillings a week. He cannot, therefore, the people argue, have a full stocking under the bed. That is out of the question. Money or money's worth do not, they say, account for William's moodiness.

His garden, or rather his master's garden, runs a long way by the public road, and William is often out in the beds weeding, or tying up long-stemmed flowers with that delightful stuff called "bass"—not the liquid.

In this garden the passing villagers have ample opportunities of watching William, and many's the time they have seen him stop suddenly in the course of his work and meditate.

He will laboriously straighten his back, not in the easy way of the honest toiler, but with—well, with "something on his mind."

His horny, brown hand will go up to his halo of whiskers, his full, clean-shaven mouth will settle into a harder line, and he will look wonderingly at the ground, scratching his head, meanwhile, and obviously saying "Dang me if I can see a way out o' this here difficulty," or some sentiment to that effect.

In the public house at night he is most erratic. Sometimes a cloud seems to be lifted from his mind and he takes his mug and drains it with a heartiness that is infectious.

At other times he is moody, silent, will not take more than one pint while his fellows are having a quart or two, and will leave the bar long before the rest.

"That secret of his is working," they say.

So willing are the villagers to believe the worst in a case of this sort that poor William has come to imagine that the secret is a sort of crime.

He is in dread lest he should be found out, and be henceforth cut off from the communion of his fellows.

I learned the secret quite by accident. William makes up his week's takings by selling vegetables. I hasten to add that they are from his own large and well-tended garden.

He supplies me with anything in season.

Happening one day to say my cottage was rather small, William led me aside.

"If I tell ye something, sir," he said; "you'll not repeat it, I hope?"

I promised.

"Well," he went on, "I heerd ye say, sir, as how the cottage was small for ye. Now I've a nice little house at —— (mentioning the local town three miles away), bought with my own hard-earned money; and I would be glad to have ye as a tenant.

"I arst ye not to let on because these 'ere people would be so terrible jealous if they knowed it that I shouldn't sell 'em another ha'porth of taters. That's my trouble.

"I've saved and they 'ave drunk their money, and they wouldn't like it."

HARRY STEPHEN.

LEFT-HANDERS IN CRICKET.

THEY ARE USEFUL MEN TO HAVE IN A TEAM.

It is very useful to have at least one left-handed batsman in an eleven. When things are going badly with a side the wise captain will, if necessary, alter his order of batting and send in a left-hander out of his turn.

Provided the latter can keep his end up, and he and his partner set themselves to score singles or threes only, the constant changes of field involved will worry and tire the fielders.

Then there are many bowlers who are all at sea when opposed by a left-hander, and quickly lose their length and direction.

This applies especially to "off theory" bowlers. Left-handers are notoriously strong on the leg side, and the off-break man finds his good length balls on or just outside the off-stump, which, of course, is the left-hander's leg stump, driven to the on (the batsman's "on") or smacked round to leg.

A left-hand bowler is also an acquisition to any eleven.

The majority of right-hand bowlers break from off to leg, but the left-hander has a natural break from leg to the off, which is very disconcerting to the right-hand batsman.

The captain who can put on a good right-hander at one end and a good left-hander at the other end is in a happy position. It seldom pays, however, to oppose a left-handed bowler to a left-handed batsman, as the latter will pull most of his best deliveries round to leg.

L. D. TALBOT.

BRIEF REPLIES.

[Under this heading we endeavour to answer all inquiries of general interest. No fee whatsoever is accepted. Where a prompt reply is required a stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed.]

G. S. (Leeds).—Everything depends upon the regiment in which you decide to enlist. In some the expenses of a trooper are heavier than those of an officer in others.

C. B. F. (Stafford).—Many men have given up swimming because they feel that it is injurious to their health, but as a matter of fact, the injury does not arise from the actual swimming, but from the habit indulged in by so many of loafing about afterwards. When you come out of the water, do not stand about in your wet bathing togs. Dry yourself at once, and get into your clothes.

W. A. (Cambridge).—Your failing of always being unpunctual is certainly a troublesome one, but no one but yourself can cure it. Try keeping your watch a few minutes fast.

H. P. (Richmond).—Get a local waterman to give you a few lessons in sculling. It is not necessary to have your own boat, but, if possible, stick to the same one while learning.

S. T. L. (Landport).—Your best plan is to get a puppy as young as possible. If you decide to go in for a St. Bernard or Newfoundland, choose the puppy with the biggest head and heaviest bone; if a fox-terrier, choose the one with the longest head; but if you are an absolute novice at the game, we advise you to let a friend who has had previous experience do the purchasing for you.

A. E. (Doncaster).—A good remedy for insomnia is to sip a glass of hot milk before getting into bed. We take it for granted that you always sleep with your bedroom windows open, although, of course, on no account should there be a draught. If the trouble continues it would be advisable for you to consult a doctor, as, unless you have the necessary amount of rest, you cannot expect to get through your work, and you certainly will not keep in good health.

F. D. B. (St. Helens).—We advise you to lay out a little extra money in the first place, and get a pair of good heavy links. It is by far the cheaper plan in the long run. To keep buying rolled gold articles, all of which last a very short time, is simply throwing your money away.

J. A. (Pontypool).—We think the fault lies more with your pipe than with the tobacco you use. Get a pipe with a wider bore, and you will be able to smoke almost anything without injury to your tongue.

T. D. (Torquay).—Do not try to stop your growth. We can assure you that we receive letters from many readers who would give much to be as tall as you are likely to be.

B. J. M. (Streatham).—If you do not think that cold baths agree with you by all means give them up. Perhaps a trepid bath would suit you better.

W. W. F. (West Ham).—An engagement ring may be of any kind and of whatever value you can afford. Better have silver than imitation gold. There ought not to be anything sham about it.

A. E. (Northampton).—Money spent on your teeth is money well spent.

S. R. (Worcester).—Why not advertise your clothes in Our Readers' Sale and Exchange page? You will certainly not get one tenth of what they are worth if you send them to "wardrobe dealers."

M. H. FINGLESTON, Kirton Knoll, Ilkeston, desires to meet a local reader fond of athletics.

F. H. (Glasgow).—For conditions of employment as a prison warder write to the Prison Commissioners, Home Office, Whitehall, London, S.W.

H. R. (Dublin) and **J. O. L.** (Oldham).—We dealt very fully with the best way of curing knock knees on our physical culture page in No. 136.

F. R. CALDECOTT, 18, New Court, Market Street, Johannesburg, would be glad if Johannesburg League members would write to him or call on him any time between 5.45 and 6.30 p.m. to see whether a MODERN MAN Club can be formed in Johannesburg.

F. W. B. (Huddersfield).—We do not know of any book giving the various coach horn calls, and in any case we doubt whether you could learn from a book. Better get a few lessons from a local expert.

A. C. (Liverpool).—Remember when patching a puncture to run your finger round the inside of the cover before replacing it. This prevents any chance of the tack, thorn, or whatever may be the cause of the puncture remaining embedded in the cover, when another puncture in a very short time is inevitable.

J. G. S. (Todmorden).—Most men get badly winded the first time they go out for a long-distance run. Don't smoke for three or four hours before setting out, and arrange to have your last meal at such a time that it is digested before you start for your run.

R. D. (Edinburgh).—Many men find it difficult to fix a tie when wearing a double collar. When buying your ties, select those which are fairly thin though strong, and place the tie close to the bottom of the collar, not up at the top, where the two parts press together. A tie resting at the base of the collar can be pulled about as you want it, which is necessary if you are to secure a good knot.

"MACK" (Forest Gate).—The headquarters of the City of London Yeomanry (Rough Riders) are at the Guildhall, London. By applying there you can obtain all the particulars you desire.

A. A. R. (Dublin).—For particulars of service in the British South African Police write to the British South African Co., 2, London Wall Buildings, London, E.C.

W. S. (Cockermouth), **C. V. E.** (Coleford), **W. R. S.** (Merthyr), **H. R. W.** (Groombridge), **S. J.** (Leicester), **H. S.** (Hull), **H. F. P.** (Manchester), **T. H. B.** (Birmingham), **R. G.** (Cotteridge), **S. H. J.** (Leyton), **R. O'S.** (Wolverhampton), **W. F.** (Clapham), **W. R.** (Brockley).—Much obliged.

POSSIBLE PALS.

We print below a further instalment of the list of members of THE MODERN MAN *League. We should be obliged if members whose names and addresses have been inadvertently omitted, or who have changed their address recently, would kindly inform us as soon as possible, in order that the roll may be kept up to date. An application form for membership, with full particulars of the badges issued, will be found on this page.*

NEW MALDEN.
A. DYMOTT, 84, Northcote Road.

NEWMARKET.
J. O. TOKINS, 38, Lowther Street.

NEWPORT (I. of W.).
H. DAISH, 116, Ryle Street.
S. OSMAN, Chawton.

NEWPORT (MON.).
H. S. AUSTWICK, 5, Bedford Road.
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W. P. CHAVE, 154, Chepstow Road.
H. H. CLEMENTS, Trafalgar House, Maindee.
F. J. COLLINS, 102, Henry Street.
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(To be continued.)

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Membership of the League is open to all regular readers of this paper. There is no subscription nor do members undertake any other liability. The League, with its thousands of members, has been the means of bringing into touch men of similar tastes and making friendships all over the world.

The wearing of the League badge, which is supplied at cost price in various forms, gives you the privilege of an introduction to other members in whatever part of the country you happen to be.

The League colours are blue, gold, and purple, and can now be obtained by members from Messrs. A. W. Gamage, Ltd., Holborn, London, E.C., in the following forms:—

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The badge is obtainable in the following forms and at the following prices:

Gold-plated tie-pin	6d.	Solid silver tie-pin	1s.
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9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant, 6s.
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Signature.....

Address.....

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The League Badge. Actual size.

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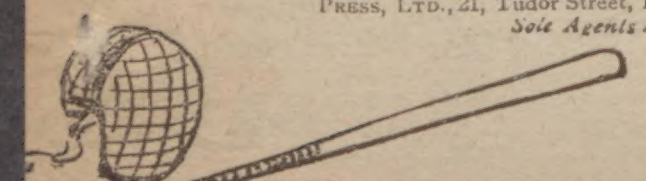

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All advertisements are subject to the Revision of the Sales Editor, and the Right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

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The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London, E.C.

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Gentleman's fawn waterproof, length 48in., chest 40in., unsoiled; cost £2 2s., take half.—Box 4824, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Gent.'s £7 7s. cycle. Brand new, free wheel, gear case, rim brakes. Nearest offer.—James, 32, John Street, Aberavon.

Fishermen, Attention! Use Indian Magic Fish Lure. Fish bite like hungry wolves. Large package 1s. 1d. —Domestic Supply Co. (120 G), Holly House, Robin Hood, Wakefield.

Wanted, pocket revolver, reliable make.—Particulars, &c., Box 4820, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Army Bell Tents. Lists free.—Department "A," Ross's Official Scout Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

3 sea rods, 1 fly rod, landing net, collapsible, and handle, 6 winches, 1 tackle bag, 1 case, lot of flies, hooks and tackle. What offers cash?—Box 4825, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Wanted, nearly new mahogany dinghy, 12ft. to 14ft., complete with gear.—Box 4840, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

¼-plate Junior Sanderson hand and stand camera, 2 double dark slides, film adapter, 36 envelopes, telescopic tripod, Iso screen, splendid condition, in leather case, cost over £7, accept £3 19s., or near offer.—Box 4841, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle, 23in., B.S.A. fittings, Sturmey-Archer 3-speed, Phillips' handle-bars, and 2 rim brakes, rustless spokes, all accessories, Bluemels auxiliary mudguards, full particulars, £4. Approval; deposit. Buying motor-cycle; must sell.—Box 4826, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Mahogany rowing and sailing boat, 14ft. by 4ft. 8in., practically new, with cushions and carpets complete, reefing, spritsail, new green Willesden waterproof canvas boat tent with circular collapsible frames and wooden doors at bow and stern to sleep 4, interchangeable rubber head and tiller, a bargain at £15.—Box 4827, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

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Wanted, leather gun-case; price, particulars.—Box 4831, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tennis net, poles cost guinea, unused, offers.—Box 4832, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, second-hand croquet, bowls, bagatelle board, about 6ft.—Box 4833, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Tents.—Army. Bells.—Touring, cyclists', or garden. Price list free.—Ross's, Outfitters, Middlesbrough.

2¾-h.p. motor-cycle, Minerva engine, and belt, perfect running order, all accessories, £10 10s.—Box 4834, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Billiard table, 6ft. 5in. by 3ft. 5in., massive mahogany portable, superior make, slate bed, covered new superfine cloth, low and fast, frost-proof cushions, complete, 3 cues, rest, marking board, rules, level, and three real solid ivory balls; absolutely perfect condition; sacrifice, price to clear, £4 10s., worth double. Approval willingly.—Box 4835, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

Hammer 20 bore under lever shot gun, by Purdey, London; excellent condition, cost £35; bargain, £6 10s.—Box 4836, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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Roach rod, balanced cork handle, in case, 10s.; pike rod, two joints, in case, 5s.; both new.—Box 4852, "The Modern Man," 21, Tudor Street, London, E.C.

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